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HAWAII

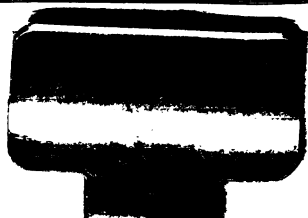
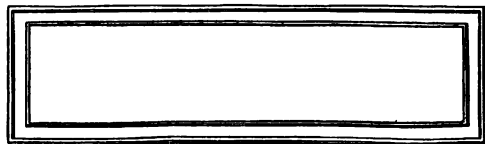
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ANNE M. G. PRESCOTT



HAWAII

BY

ANNE M. PRESCOTT

SECOND EDITION

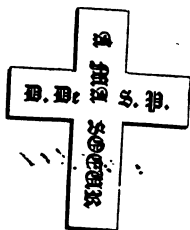
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*"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,—
And, faith, he'll prent it."*

*"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due."*

PREFACE.

IF you go to the crest of the Rocky Mountains, you will see the clouds—the great white warships of the sky—sailing majestically along beneath, and settling down into the valleys and gorges; and you will be awed by the thunder of heaven's cannonade and the rapid play of the lightning. But you will see the birds flying through and above it all, to sing their songs in the clear blue ether!

It was not my intention when I went to Hawaii to write at all about the country, excepting in my private correspondence. My work was of another kind, and was very engrossing and laborious, leaving me no time nor strength for anything of the sort. When the season of rest and leisure came to me, after seven years, I determined to recollect scenes and incidents, and to put them into book form—but certainly not with the hope of fame or wealth, but partly with the “pure intention” of speaking an unselfish, an honest, and a truthful word for those along whose road during my long stay, I saw no flowers strewed or garlands thrown, nor even stones removed.

You know the old story, perhaps, where the lovely face of a woman is being criticised by her friends (?). As one after another points to some blemish or defect in feature, line, or color, one said, finally: “I am sure she could never be called beautiful, her mouth is so ugly.” Then one honest heart came late to the rescue: “I don't know; I never see below her eyes.”

In Hawaii superstition abounds—the wildest savagery of heathen superstition is still there, hydra-headed. The *hula-hula* is there—the old savage, heathen national dance. The savage himself is there—the heathen in all his war-paint and feathers, if you look only far enough below the eyes—look low enough. Leprosy, with

its tainted breath and marred and hideous form is there—yes, God help and stay it! for I tell you it is there. Vice is there, with as dreadful complexion and conditions as can be found in London or New York. You can find it—it all depends upon your own strength of vision, and the seeking. Indolence is there, colossal in size—the natives' true heritage, fostered by the sun, and coaxed and flattered by the very air, by the blue, rippling waves, by the glistening white sands of the beach, by Mother Nature in her every mood, to stay and scorn departure! *Enfin*, the ills, and evils, and enemies of life—a pack of wolves—are all there; and if the fuel, the fagots be scanty, the fire is not strong enough to make them retreat. All there in this wondrous Land of the Sea—they are all there! It is not, however, for my pen to paint the short-comings of a friend I love, nor for “ears polite” to listen. For years I was the guest of this country, I shared her generous hospitality. During my long sojourn I did not come—doubt it not, my charitable friend,—face to face with a leper; although I did desire most earnestly to visit the Island of Molokai, the leper settlement.

The strains of music from that mocking, savage dance, I often heard in the distance—even not far from the Bishop's grounds—for they are most penetrating, monotonous and rythmical, as the steady trot of hoofs across a long bridge, or hard, firm course, tiresome and irritating in the extreme to a sensitive, cultivated ear, when dinned into it by the hour—far worse than “the boy's accordeon”! But one need not seek his satanic majesty—the savage, the heathen—the devil incarnate—in Hawaii more than in Dublin, Madrid or Rome, in Paris, Stockholm, Vienna or Canton, by the banks of the Arno, the River of the Nile, or on the shores of Galilee! He is to be found in all lands—continents or islands. He is “at home” among all peoples and in all climes. “I do not know; I can never see below her eyes.”

San Francisco, February 22, 1893.

THE KAMEHAMEHAS.

TELL me, what is this little book all about? The Sandwich Islands; or, in other words, the Hawaiian—the Hawaiian Kingdom—Hawaii, the home of Kamehameha the Great and his successors.

These islands were re-discovered by Captain James Cook in 1778, and named by him in honor of his patron, Earl of Sandwich, who was then the first lord of the British Admiralty.

Captain Cook was born in Marton, Yorkshire, in 1728, and was killed by the natives on the island of Hawaii, 14th of February, 1779, while endeavoring to recover a boat which had been stolen. He was one of the most eminent among England's celebrated navigators. He is said, indeed, to have been the first scientific navigator, and his surveys and determinations of latitudes and longitudes are extremely correct. In 1776, he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, and received the Copley medal for a paper on the methods used to preserve the health of his crews. The king of England, George III., granted his widow a pension of £200, and each of his children £25; while the Royal Society did honor to his name by having a gold medal struck in his commemoration.

A statue in bronze has been placed on the spot where he met his death.

Kamehameha I., a man of shrewd sense and courage, chieftain of a part of the largest island (Hawaii) only, conquered and governed the whole group, and in 1810, "when George III. was king," caused them to be placed under British protection.

Kamehameha II. succeeded his father. He visited England in 1824; and he and his queen both died of the measles in London. Under his reign, strange to say, idolatry was abolished throughout the islands, and the way was paved for Christianity!

In 1840, Kamehameha III., called "The Good," brother of the last named, granted a constitution, consisting of king, assembly of nobles, and representative council. Prior to this the government was a despotism. In 1843, the independence of the Hawaiian kingdom was declared formally by England, the United States, and France.

Kamehameha IV. succeeded his uncle in 1854, and reigned nine years. He was a handsome, graceful, and accomplished gentleman, having traveled with his consort, "the good Queen Emma" in the United States, England, and France. The cathedral church in Honolulu is his memorial; for to him is chiefly due the planting in the islands of a branch of the Anglican Church in the fullness of its organization. It was on St. Andrew's Day that he fell asleep. He translated the English Prayer-Book into the Hawaiian tongue. His queen outlived him by nearly a quarter of a century.

He was succeeded by his brother Kamehameha V., who gave liberal aid to the Roman Catholic mission and its schools. He died in 1872.

Thus ended the grandest and noblest savage dynasty that ever lived ; and their descendants, the princesses, Ruth Keelikolani, Queen Emma, and Mrs. C. R. Bishop, were women which history may be proud to chronicle.

I hear a voice at my side saying, " A lot of ignorant Kanakas." *Kanaka*, translated, means " man "—a lot of ignorant men, forsooth ! Many of the rising generation are well-educated. A few of them speak French well enough to be understood by a courtier ; can translate Horace, *s'il vous plait*, know something of Euclid, and are good musicians, her Majesty the Queen being no mean composer.

Now, as the English say to an over-forward child, " Retenir votre langue ! " It is wiser employment, my friend, than detracting from " your neighbors."

Lunalilo was elected in 1873, Kalakaua in 1874.

On the death of her brother, January 20, 1891, Princess Liliuokalani became queen of Hawaii. The heir-apparent is Princess Kaiulani, now being educated in England, daughter of the late Princess Likelike, younger sister of Kalakaua and wife of Hon. Archibald S. Cleghorn, a Scotchman, Port Collector-General of Hawaii, and Governor of Oahu.

The first missionaries came in 1820, and found a nation without a religion, and the work was begun at once. In forty years the entire Hawaiian nation was taught Christianity, besides learning to read and write,

to cipher and to sew. But there was good material to work with—never the like in any known heathen land,—and the finest climate the sun ever shone upon! A guileless, happy, laughter-loving, flower-loving, song-loving, willing-to-be-taught race, with hands and feet and heart eager to help on the work! No dearth of fruit in the valleys and on the hill-sides—no scarcity of fish—no lack of water.

This chain of islands runs from southeast to northwest, and lies in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. While the largest of the group, Hawaii, has an area of nearly 5,000 square miles, the next largest, Kauai, has but 780, Maui 750, Oahu 600, Niihau, the smallest of the seven, 110. There are a few islets. The entire population is about 90,000. Cook found a race numbering upwards of 400,000, but at the close of the reign of Kamehameha the Great (1819), it was depleted by wars to half that number. The race, no one can deny, is dying out, not more than 40,000 full natives and half-castes now existing.

These islands are of volcanic origin, and contain the largest volcanoes, both active and quiescent, in the world. The most prominent physical features of the group are the two lofty mountain peaks of Hawaii, Mauna Kea (white mountain), and Mauna Loa (long mountain), each of which is 14,000 feet in height. There is always snow on the tops of these mountains.

Kilauea, on the Mauna Loa mountain, the largest active volcano in the world, has a crater nine miles in circumference, and is 6,000 feet above sea-level. On

Maui, the crater of Hale-a-ka-la (House of the Sun), by far the largest extinct crater known, is nearly thirty miles in circumference, and stands 10,000 feet above sea-level. The channels between the islands are very rough, and there are few good harbors, Honolulu being the chief one.

The climate is never too hot nor too cold, never much below 70° nor above 90° , the year round. They are *not* close to the Equator, but just inside the tropical belt, between the 19th and 23d parallels of latitude, and extend from longitude 155° to 161° . They are about 2,000 miles from Tahiti, and twice that from the Colonies; 2,100 miles from San Francisco—one week's sail by steamer, and two by sailing-vessel. They are alone in mid-ocean, with a climate all their own, and none exactly like it on the face of the earth!

To be overcome by the heat—sun-struck—is a thing unknown. It is not perfectly dry all summer, nor perfectly wet all winter! It is simply “Fairyland”—“Rainbowland”—a land of perfect rest and repose—a land of color—a land of magnificent hills, cloud-topped, of a thousand valleys and ravines, of streams and waterfalls, of glorious sea and sky, “Where the new-comer, in deathless summer, dreams away troubles.”

It will rain in summer-time if it choose—gentle, filmy, sunshiny showers, light enough for a new baby's uncovered head to bear! Or it will storm, perchance, (but never cold)—a beating, tearing,

threshing, wild storm of wind, with torrents, floods of water, when all the clouds, from mountain and horizon will meet, and form in solid ranks, to pour their contents down! In a few hours streams will become rivers and swell to the level of bridges; cataracts will go dashing down into the valleys, and native huts will spin and whirl, with trees and branches for their companions, "adown the brimming river"! Thunder and lightning will be heard all night, from every point of the heavens, and all nature will be in an uproar. But "presto, change!" and lo! the clouds are parted, and swift the war-ships of the sky retreat to the hills again, and back down to the horizon. The cannonading has ceased; and they are silent and satisfied, looking down approvingly at their world, whose face they have washed so clean! The sun marches grandly on, smiling to see how soon all is dry once more! And when the moon steps softly up at night, with all the smaller star-shaped moons and twinkling children in her train, they, too, delight in this wonderful work of the storm—and think it is the fairest, freshest, daintiest world their eyes ever beheld in all their wanderings!

"The rain is o'er—how dense and bright
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
Contrasting with the dark blue sky!

In grateful silence earth receives
The general blessing; fresh and fair,
Each flower expands its little leaves,
As glad the common joy to share.

The softened sunbeams pour around
A fairy light, uncertain, pale ;
The wind flows cool ; the scented ground
Is breathing odors on the gale.

Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pile,
Methinks some spirit of the air,
Might rest to gaze below awhile,
Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth—from off the scene,
Its floating veil of mist is flung ;
And all the wilderness of green
With trembling drops of light is hung."

And *how* does it rain in winter? Well, it rains for matins, and for evensong, great splashing drops, with masses of white, fluffy clouds—sunshine and magnificent rainbows. They span the sky, morning and night, day by day! It rains all night, and never a drop by day; and it rains all day, and never a drop by night; and "King Kona" comes a few times before and after Christmas, and may be there will be a "spell of weather" when, for days and days, not a drop can be squeezed or wrung from the sky, and "the oldest inhabitant" never recollected anything like it!

Never was there a better sugar-producing country—120,000 tons shipped to San Francisco in the four months from December to April, 1891! Yes, sugar is king at these islands, and everything else must give way to its sway. The plantations are confined to the four larger islands—Hawaii, Kauai, Maui, and Oahu. These absorb all the great business interests of the

kingdom. There is splendid pasturage; and herds of wild cattle, branded, roam over the plains and up into the valleys and ravines. At night they gather down toward the sea, and "cattle views" can then be seen that are worth one's while.

Fancy nearly all the sugar made on these islands being handled by natives, in bags, passed from hand to hand into the small boats, thence on to the steamers! They are so expert, patient, and faithful, that almost never is there an accident to passengers, goods, or to the sugar. And so rough are the breakers, often it seems a fearful thing to try to make a landing. It is not uncommon for the steamers to have to leave one or more untouched on a trip; for the sea is so heavy that no boat (even though manned by natives) could make the shore, and no passenger would risk it. So they land where they can, and then take horses. There are quite good carriage-roads here and there; but in traveling around these islands a stout native horse and saddle-bags are the better reliance; for one is sure to meet many steep hills, ruts, gulches, streams, ferries, and likely shaky bridges. Indeed, no extended land trips can be made in any other way. Robbery or crime is almost an unknown thing in going from point to point.

You can travel from one plantation to the next, by taking a steamer as it comes along. But in going across country on horseback, there is much to be enjoyed if one be a good traveler—magnificent sunrises and sunsets; glorious moonlight nights, when one wishes

never to go indoors; immense pasture for herds of wild cattle; turf which is agreeable to ride over, and infrequently a human habitation; stretches of hills, wooded and green; beautiful valleys touching the sea; waterfalls, fields of rice, patches of kalo, flowering trees, and endless climbers. At a plantation all is life and activity from before sunrise to dark. The sugar-cane, you know, is a perennial, with a root sending up a number of stems which grow to a height of nine feet or more, and are filled two-thirds of their length with a sweet, juicy pith. At one time it looks like a field of waving corn. The field-hands may be Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, and sometimes a few natives, but the latter do not care much for such work. However, where they will engage there are none better, I was told. There are *lunas* (overseers), managers, bookkeepers, sugar-boilers, etc. And there are plantation owners—Spreckels, for instance! There is the mill, the meetin'-house, or church, the schoolhouse (for the schoolmaster is *not* "abroad" at these islands), the postoffice, the plantation store and dining-room, two or three small shops, may be, and the little homes of the employees. It is all in a nutshell—a tiny village. But the miles, the immense tracts of cane!

A busy little world of anxious cares and hopes, of joys and sorrows, of heart-burnings, of high ambitions, and of disappointments, of loves and hates! As great the joy, as bitter the grief; as strong the love, as sweet the friendship, or the piety, as in any of the Old

World's great centers! The sky and the clouds seem nearer than in the temperate zones, and the planets look much larger. This must be owing to the atmosphere and the vapor, the ranges of hills, and the many tall trees which help to break the distance to the eye.

Music is the chief recreation at these islands, and there are many first-rate musicians.

At night on a plantation the horses are brought often, and ladies and gentlemen—for every one learns to ride for convenience—go galloping over the hills to call on friends, staying perhaps to a musicale and coming home—

“When the fair moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.”

“Mais, ô Lune! que tu es belle dans ta tristesse! L'Ourse étoilée s'éclipse devant tes charmes, tes regards véloutent l'azur du ciel; ils rendent les nues diaphanes; ils font briller les fleuves comme des serpents; ils argentent la cime des arbres; ils couvrent de blancheur le sommet des montagnes; ils changent en une mer de lait les vapeurs de la vallée. C'est ta lumière, ô Lune! qui donne de grandes pensées aux sachems; c'est ta lumière qui remplit le cœur d'un amant du souvenir de sa maîtresse; à ta clarté, la mère veille au berceau de son fils; à ta clarté, les guerriers mar-

chent aux ennemis de la patrie; à ta clarté, les chasseurs tendent des pièges aux hôtes des forêts; et maintenant, à ta clarté, chargés des dons du Grand-Esprit, nous allons revoir nos heureuses cabanes."

Life on a plantation cuts one off from much intercourse with the outside world, and an island life must ever be peculiar to itself, in any part of the world; but it has its compensations and its delights—here far more than on most islands.

It is about thirty miles from Hilo to the crater of Kilauea. On entering the crater the guide sounds the lava with his staff, to test its safety. Below is a mass of molten fire. At night there is a canopy of vapor over it all, like a cloud of fire, and lightning plays upon the surface of the burning lake. One is glad to see the crater, and glad to be away.

Every traveler who visits the crater of Kilauea is fain to pronounce it at once the most awful, sublime, and wonderful phenomenon in nature. Incomparable, language fails to describe it; words seem beggarly! It is not within the ken of the finite mind to understand or to comprehend its whys or its wherefores. It is a *mystery*—this awful, terrible, madly burning, boiling lake!—this wild, tumultuous, rampant, roaring fire!—this mammoth bowl of seething, bubbling, blood-red liquid lava! At the same time, to any one with the smallest bump of the ludicrous on his cranium, it does sound laughable, to say the least, to hear shouted in his ear as soon as ever he steps foot on Hawaiian soil, before he fairly has had time to swallow

a cup of coffee, "*Have you been to the Volcano?*" "No." "You're *going*, aren't you?" One is reminded of the zeal and haste seen often on entering a "revival meeting,"—" *Have you been converted?*"

"To stand on the brink of a white-hot, boiling, surging, roaring lake of molten lava, when the great, heaving mass dashes itself against the sides of the pit, throwing ten thousand jets of red-hot liquid lava into the air, like the waves of the sea dashing against a rocky coast, is the sublimest, most awe-inspiring scene on earth.

"There are two carriage-roads to the volcano, one of which—the Volcano Road—is a macadamized drive of thirty miles, built by the government at a cost of \$100,000. This is the most beautiful carriage-drive in the world. There is not another like it. It winds and turns through fields of waving sugar-cane, rugged lava-beds, and the grandest tropical jungles in the world—woods covered with vines and creepers, and magnificent forests of tall ferns, cocoanut trees, and plummy palms of every variety—bananas and pine-apples growing wild—strange and fantastic forms in vegetable life. The drive for miles is under overhanging palms and fern-trees that swing far out over the road, forming an archway. Their foliage is so thick as to exclude the rays of the sun, and the drive is cool and delightful.

"It is two years since the last disappearance of the molten lava in the crater of Kilauea. At that time, for about a month, there was no sign of activity; then the

fire re-appeared at the bottom of the huge pit, estimated to be 500 feet deep. The molten lava has since then slowly risen, until it is now within about 240 feet from the top; the pit being tunnel-shaped, a longer time will probably be required to fill up the upper half area than the smaller lower half, unless the amount of volcanic force should be greatly increased.

"The most outstanding feature in the present condition of Kilauea, is the fact that the nearly circular lake in the middle of the inner pit or crater is lifted some thirty feet above the floor which surrounds it; the fiery liquid being held in its place by an embankment of cooled lava, which has gradually formed as the lake has risen and overflowed.

"From the brink, 240 feet above, the spectator looks down upon this "Witches' Cauldron," boiling, and ever and anon throwing up its fiery fountains, dashing over its embankment, now here and now there.

"So high up the liquid fire now is that by taking a three-mile ride on wheels from the Volcano House, a point can be reached from which the lake and its fountains can be seen, without taking the fatiguing journey into the crater."

"There is no other volcanic center in the world at which, as at Kilauea, molten lava is continuously, easily and safely accessible, and this fact along with the comforts of the present Volcano House and the invigoration of 4,000 feet elevation, imparts to the Hawaiian Volcano attractions unparalleled elsewhere."

Besides this crater of Kilauea—the wonder of the

world—there is much that is enchanting on Hawaii, the largest island of the chain.

It would seem as if the goddess of all the waterfalls had taken up her abode here from all time, and was forever superintending the making of them in every smallest valley and ravine. They are of all sizes and forms, from the mammoth giant of Waipio Valley to the tiny ones over mounds and hillocks of only a yard high. While looking at the rainbow tints, the hundred shades of greens and browns, of the hills, and of the valleys, the play of the ever-shifting lights and shadows of cloud, and sea, and sky, and hill-top, one feels quite content to sit down here and look no farther for Nature's beauties or wonders. "The perfection of atmosphere and of scene are surely just here," you say.

In the rainy season, more particularly, all nature takes on its "high lights" of color—the never-ending shades and tints of green, and blue, and red, and gold, "in earth, and sky, and sea, and air," dazzling to the eye and bewildering to the artist who would attempt to give on canvas any faint idea even, of such a world of color. A "companion piece" to all this would be a still, clear, brilliant day in mid-winter in New England, when every hill and valley, tree and fence, is in its freshest dress of solid heavy snow; when the sun is bright, and the sky steel-blue; when the river is frozen over and still, and not a sound can be heard but the tinkling of the distant sleigh-bells, or the merry laughter of the skaters on the smooth ice.

ALOHA HAWAII NEI!

"The lava tree-casts of Puna have, as far as we know, escaped the observation of authors who have written about these islands. They are very little known, though they may be classed among the most interesting natural wonders the islands contain. At the back of Kapoho, on the foothills of the mountain, is an ancient lava flow; so ancient that it is covered with herbage, and a new forest has grown upon it. Here and there amongst the living trees of this forest stand what appear, at first sight, trunks of trees of larger girth. These are the lava-casts of trees which perished (it is impossible to say how long ago) in that flow. The lava of that stream must have been of an unusually viscid nature, for instead of flowing on after surrounding the base of these trees it coiled itself round their trunks like some huge serpent 'twining in giant folds' higher and higher, till it reached the branches, eight or ten feet above the ground. As the trees gradually perished, the lava mantle remained forming a solid cast of the trees that had been enwraught from the ground to the beginning of the branches. Several of these casts are above one's head on horseback. According to Capt. J. E. Elderts, to whom the writer is indebted for his visit to these columnar casts, similar columns are to be seen further back in the mountain, and of greater height than these near Kapoho."—*Bishop of Honolulu.*

KING SUGAR.

THE following gem, "Go On," is by an anonymous poet. There are fourteen verses, all alike, the first one of which is given :

"Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on—*go on*, go on,
Go on, go on—GO ON."

You wish me to make my subject "plain as way to parish church"; and that is my desire, to be sure, in opening up this wonderful cane-producing country to your mental vision—this land where the people are "fed on the finest of wheat and honey," and with sweetest of water "out of the stony rock"—this "land of pomegranates and of oil olive"—this land of perpetual sunshine and of rainbow—this "Land of Promise,"—of rarest skies and daintiest air—"this other Eden, demi-paradise—this precious stone set in the silver sea"—this Hawaii.

A soil where every foot put down *to cane* will help to swell the amount of the export—sugar! Rice—the best of rice; taro (*arum esculentum*)—as good as potato; sweet potatoes—as good as the Carolinas; coffee—none better in Java, and were it not for the blight that

often takes it, and for which no remedy has yet been found, might rival the sugar—with all the tropical fruits and melons, and strawberries “for a song”! Indeed, there are undeveloped resources enough in this little country to enrich two kingdoms the size of Hawaii.

One can, every few days, take a sailing-vessel (passage, first-class, forty-five dollars for San Francisco direct for Hilo, on the Island of Hawaii; or for Kahului, on Maui, making port in about two weeks. From these points passage on an inter-island steamer can be taken for Honolulu, for six dollars. Of course, one can reach the capital from many other points around these islands. But these are important centers, and from them a traveler can make good progress in any direction he may wish to steer. For the small sum of seventy dollars, one can reach Honolulu from San Francisco in seven days, traveling in a floating palace, with no reasonable wish ungratified, and with a most superb table, where the bill of fare is almost 2,100 miles long! And one fairly needs to lie awake at night to decide what to call for at breakfast, so tempting and so unbounded are the viands.

You will agree with me, I am sure, that there is nothing one will recollect longer than discomforts and discontent realized on a sea-trip. One remains with me yet, like a bad dream, after many years. There was, first of all, lack of skill in the officers; then, want of principle—for one was intoxicated during a distress-

ing storm ; water was scarce, it is true,—and the table was bad !

But these steamers! I speak for myself. One would wish to live one week of every month on land, and three at sea. And such a sea! Troubles gone, cold winds forgotten; for stormy ocean a peaceful lake, warm soothing air, and a serene sky—the “Rainbow Land” just ahead of us—and a captain who will pilot safe into the port!

From Kahului, which is a tiny village on the shore, you can take a train (one passenger-car) for Wailuku, three miles inland—and a charming little place it is—with Haleakala directly in front of you, and magnificent Iao Valley about a block off. Here, to make any of these trips, you will need a stout native horse, and they are often quite cheap.

In this little town of Wailuku, you will see a neat church and parsonage of the “Anglican Church Mission,” a Roman Catholic Church, and a meeting-house; as many as three stores, a Chinese restaurant, a baker’s, where one kind of very poor bread is baked, a little post-office and a burying-ground.

When you find how very quiet it is, you may fancy that the people of the village are dead, or, like Rip Van Winkle, all asleep for a term of years. Where they can, they take a good deal of rest, and indulge in day-dreams. Sugar is sweet, nutritious and satisfying—and in many ways tends somewhat to luxury. It is, however, not a bad thing to “take an interest” in a well-growing field of cane, where you are sure of

rain! You will not need to fret after that, but can have pie and preserves for breakfast if you wish.

Oh, no! The villagers are not dead. They are dreaming of "grinding" cane at the next mill, at Spreckelsville, ten miles off, or at Waihee or Waikāpu, half that distance, in opposite directions. I am living almost under the shadow of a cathedral, and I hear at this moment the wail of a funeral dirge. Rather a grave coincidence when I was just trying to correct your too-grave fancy as to the Wailukuans!

At Spreckelsville there are twelve thousand acres of growing sugar-cane. These fields extend for more than fifteen miles in one direction. The planting-time is from June to November. The grinding commences in December. About one hundred tons of sugar are made in a day.

In sugar the British interests reach into the millions; but American interests are five times as large. The German comes third.

You would not wish, for a moment, to leave Iao Valley, for an entire day, at least. And at Haleakala, you can stay in the "cave" a night, can build a fire and cook meat on a stick! I saw the smoke there, even at the Parsonage, one night when some party was evidently getting supper! You need not make a wry face, for bishops have done all that in that very cave!

"From the summit of Haleakala, the most wonderful and absorbingly interesting cloud-effects can be seen. Standing on the crest of the vast crater in the

early morning, as the sun in all the glory of its tropical fire slowly rises above the horizon and disappears again behind the bank of clouds at your feet, to reappear again with greater force and power above, lighting up with its golden splendor the crest of the crater on which you are standing, it is a sight surely without a parallel."

Maui is about eighty miles from Honolulu, and in a southeasterly direction.

Hilo, to which I now come, is about five hours' ride, with a good native horse, from the Crater Kilauea.

It is second to Honolulu, but compares with it as well as a china doll with a two-year-old baby! Still, far be it from me to contract Hilo, or detract from its true size in any way. If it is not a big city, there is land enough to cut one out of when the time comes; and it need never be more beautiful when full-grown than it is now! There is a sea-breeze every day, which Honolulu can well covet! and 150 inches of rain in a year, which is quite enough to keep drouth at a distance!

There are plenty of churches for any who are Catholics or Presbyterians; and if you are neither, you can enter either, at any service, and always find a welcome!

And let me tell you right here, that at these islands, you will be expected to attend some place of worship: "*Ua mau ke Ea o ka Ainali ka Pona*" will meet your eye at every turn! The homes here are lovely; and the folks living in them just the right kind to meet. Not

a *pilikia* to be found when you travel by the way of Hilo! Two nights' and one day's sail, by steamer from the Capital.

“ More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend.
For so, the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.”

HONOLULU.

IN Honolulu, almost everybody rides or drives, during the heat of the day at least, and many give up the exercise of walking out o' doors nearly altogether. One may any day walk two miles, night or morning, and not meet two ladies the entire road.

Nearly every family owns one horse or more, poor or good, (for native horses are quite cheap), and some sort of a vehicle, even if it be nearly as old as "the deacon's one-hoss shay."

They drive to church, and they drive to market, and to their work and home again, and to call on friends, and to lunch, and for health, and for illness, and to kill time; and doubtless some of the ladies would drive from the veranda to the dining-room, if it could be managed!

In the early morning hours of that supremely glorious climate, when, especially after showers of the night, all seems like fairy land indeed—the magnificent trees, the gorgeous climbers (which seem never satisfied in their ambition until they can throw their robe of color over and to the top of every wall, fence and cottage within reach), the intense green of the lawns, the deep blue of the sky, with the great masses

of fluffy white clouds, slowly drifting about, just over the tops of the hills—when all nature is entirely flooded with light and glory; and when it seems a joy just to be alive, and out, walking in this most perfect and delicious atmosphere; or, in “the cool of the day,” when all work here is ended (*pau*)—when the shadows begin to lengthen, and when the skies are changing the color of their dress every few minutes; and the planets, one after another, are solemnly appearing, and taking their places, in the dome of heaven—when in nature all is silent, at rest, gone to sleep, the trees standing like colossal giants carved in stone, their exquisite shadow-work (high art—sky art) thrown on the road, with not the quiver of a leaf, a breath of wind—perfect repose, marvelous to behold!

“The warlike elf much wondered at the tree,
So fair and great, that shadowed all the ground.”

It did really seem to me as if all the spirits of earth and heaven—good angels, elves, and fairies were awake and abroad on nights like these to revel in the glory. “The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handiwork.”

“’Tis twilight now;
The sovereign sun behind his western hill
In glory hath declined. The mighty clouds,
Kissed by his warm effulgence, hang around
In all their congregated hues of pride,
Like pillars of some tabernacle grand,
Worthy his glowing presence; while the sky
Illumined to its center, glows intense,

Changing its sapphire majesty to gold.
How deep is the tranquillity ! the trees
Are slumbering through their multitude of boughs,
Even to the leaflet on the frailest twig !
A twilight gloom pervades the distant hills ;
And azure softness mingling with the sky."

" All heaven and earth are still,—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most ;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep :—
All heaven and earth are still : From the high host
Of stars, to the lulled lake, and mountain coast,
All is centered in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of That which is of all Creator and Defense.' "

At these times, even, walking is ignored by the foreigner ; and you can have the road to yourself, undisturbed but by a native now and then ! The climate is thought by many to be enervating, and it is not the " fashion " to walk—not considered " good form." How do the ladies manage to keep their health ? That I cannot say. But they do not die there faster than anywhere else, that I could discover. For one thing I can vouch : Doctors in Honolulu are a good deal " thicker than blackberries." They may be seen at all hours of the day, riding or driving from one point of the compass to another, with fine turnouts ; themselves looking comfortable and content.

It occurred to me at one time, that if any more should come, without the means of returning, a " house of refuge " or a " charity " of some sort would have to be founded for their relief. But I had made a miscal-

cultation, for they came, and continued to come, in goodly numbers.

I went over my figures with more care. And I then decided, after a deliberate survey of the subject, that if there was not more than one doctor to every two families of means (you know, by the way, that "planters" are wealthy), he could prosper and do well. If he were sufficiently skillful not to kill off any of his patients, he might even accumulate money in a few years and retire.

When one comes to Honolulu, until acclimated, it always seems too warm. To work or to make any exertion is almost out of the question, and the inclination is often to simply do nothing, but to invest in day-dreams and in Spanish castles.

Such a delicious atmosphere that it is! A gentleman came to the islands from Germany. He had made a study of the English language just before starting; it may be from some one of those attractive textbooks, "English in Twelve Lessons" or "English Without a Teacher." I was convinced, from what he said, that he could read it well. He said to me one day, soon after his arrival, "It ish so varm—so varm. (I cannot talk much English vot you shpeak.) It ish so varm, I cannot eat something."

On moonlight nights it seems a sin to go indoors at all—and the natives stay up until daylight; strolling up and down the roads in groups, with leis of flowers around the neck and on the hats—barefooted, and thrumming away on a taro-patch fiddle or a cheap

guitar, keeping time to their native songs, or *meles*, which are endless.

“ O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms that nature to her votary yields?
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields.
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven? ”

The national hymn is “Hawaii Ponoï,” and corresponds to and is not entirely unlike “America.” All entertainments, public and private as well, are ended with the playing of this hymn. It is very fine. The music was composed by Berger.

“ Hawaii ponoï na-na-i ko Moi,
Ka lani Alii, ke Alii.
Ma kua lani e Kamehameha e,
Na ka ua e pale, me ka i he.”

The bandmaster (Royal Hawaiian Band, numbering thirty-eight instruments) is, from his great musical skill, together with his kindly and amiable nature, a great favorite, and is as much a feature of this cosmopolitan little town as “Punchbowl” (which overshadows Emma Square, a very quiet and well-behaved, tamed and friendly volcano) or as Her Majesty the Queen, and would be missed far more than the whole legislative body!

The natives are a happy, affectionate, light-hearted race; unless greatly wronged in any way, always

laughing and singing like merry children. Generous to a fault—entirely ignorant of the value of money, and never to learn it—hospitable to a degree. That is the Hawaiian.

One is very likely to get some wrong impressions, and to form erroneous opinions, to a certain extent, if remaining at the islands a short time only.

I will not admit that I am more obtuse than the average, yet I know that when resident there more than twelve months, I knew very little, comparatively speaking, of island life, or of the islanders themselves.

Almost any night or morning, a steamer can be taken at Honolulu, for Maui, and Hawaii, or for Kauai; the longest trip being to Hawaii, two nights and one day. The other three islands can be visited, infrequently. No inter-island steamer leaves on Sunday. On the Hawaiian silver coin is the motto, "Ua mau ke ea o ka aina i ka pono"—"The Strength of the Land is in Righteousness."

The channels between these islands are very rough. But business and traffic must go on in spite of winds and waves, and the islanders try not to mind it much. There is almost never an accident, so great is the care used. All the "landings" around these islands, must be made in boats. But natives are in charge of them, and so skillful and expert are they in these matters that neither traveling nor business could be carried on, to any extent, without their aid. The transportation of all the passengers, together with the machinery used on the plantations, the furniture, produce, etc.,

are dependent upon their care and vigilance; and faithful and patient are they, to the letter. While they are never reckless on the water, they seem to "the manner born," and to know no fear. It seems as hard to drown a native as to drown a fish!

They are equally skillful in their management and training of horses. Like the gypsy, they seem to know the charm to be whispered in a horse's ear! "There is much in the native!" You may fancy that you know them very well—that you have been in and out among them pretty much all your life—that you can, perchance, speak their language to its last idiom or colloquialism. They will come around you, and unless they choose, you cannot divine one bit of the information they are giving to one another, and this without showing any rudeness. They are Nature's true children, and know how to guard their secrets. You will feel somewhat like the gentleman from Germany—"I cannot talk much native what you speak!"

It can never quite be said to be "dull" in Honolulu, at least to any true lover of nature. The climate is so perfect, that to watch the sky, the lights and shadows, the cloud effects, the rainbows, the beauty of the hill-top and the valley, is enough; and to such an one I repeat "dullness" would seem a misnomer. It is said that among the most magnificent mountain scenery of Europe, the mountaineers themselves are led to wonder why people come so far to see their country! That cannot be said entirely of the island-

ers; though many of them seem insensible to the great beauties by which they are surrounded! From a business or social point of view, during midsummer, when many go to the coast, or to beach and mountain-side, it is then quiet in Honolulu, and "steamer day" makes a welcome break.

The capital, you know, is but a tiny little city. Were it not for the sugar interests, which are getting to be enormous—and involving national jealousies in their train—the rice, and a few other things of minor importance, it would seem but a country village on the shore; or at the most, to speak largely, a country town. Nevertheless, it is a unique, most unique, cosmopolitan city, with great shipping interests,—the home of Queen and Court, and all carefully protected by British and American men-of-war.

Ten minutes walk, at an easy gait, will see you over and through the business part of the town, including the banker, the butcher, the baker, the poi-makers' places, and a peep at the postoffice and custom-house as well! Ten minutes again, from the steamer-wharf, will bring you inside the Palace-gate, for the latch-string now is always outside; in other words, the grounds are open to the public. An audience with royalty, however, sometimes requires a little more ceremony.

The Palace is good enough, for all intents and purposes—and far too fine for such visitors as too often go there; but, in its appointments, and from a refined and artistic point of view, it will not compare favor-

ably with thousands, I may say, of homes in America—even with many not one-half so large.

The Hawaiians, where well-to-do and able to gratify their taste, are more or less barbaric in the use of colors and adornments.

In stature the Hawaiian does not differ from the European; he may be tall or short, or neither.

While young, the eyes are clear and expressive; the teeth are firm and white, as a rule. When older, they are often too stout, the eyes heavy and dull, from the use of native liquor (*ava*), and the mouth disfigured, from the frequent use of tobacco and the clay pipe. In a group of women, the pipe is often passed from mouth to mouth.

Whatever a native promises or undertakes to do, he will perform faithfully and well to the letter. If he choose to lie under the trees, go into the surf, smoke the pipe of peace, or play on his taro-patch fiddle the blessed, livelong summer day, arguments are lost on him. Two strong words are his only rejoinder—"No use." But, if he decides to rise early, get on to his feet and do a piece of work, you can depend upon it that it will be well done.

It is not in the nature of things—"the eternal fitness of things,"—that, with a country and climate like Hawaii, he should like to do everything, even to accommodate the "foreigner" in his piling up of wealth. There is always a plenty of fruit in the valley and on the hillside, fish in the sea, taro in the patch at hand, flowers on the roadside, music in his brain,

friends never cold. Why should he do too hard or menial work? They are Nature's kings and queens, in their own right; and Hawaii is their own. "Hawaii for the Hawaiians."

Pearl River Harbor, just outside of Honolulu is—under the treaty of 1887—a coaling and repair station for the United States, exclusively, for a term of seven years. All the land near this harbor is owned by private parties, and there are many pleasant homes and more in contemplation. Hawaii has now but one supreme need—it is not "war nor rumors of war," neither is it annexation exactly, but simply a *cable*, from San Diego to the island of Hawaii. Hurrah for the cable! Let us have the cable—and holding high the glass—drink the toast all round and round the globe—"Long life to little Hawaii!"

SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN HONOLULU.

SATURDAY afternoon in Honolulu is "half holiday" (as the English have it), and all business is, as a rule, at an end for the day, even if it happened to have a beginning in the morning. And pleasure is the cry, and everybody seems ready to laugh. On for the beach (Waikiki)! On for the baseball ground! And King street is the road! The streets are filled with "expresses" (a light carriage—carry-all—seating four, for the use of the public—one can be hired by waiting a few minutes at any point in the city), and private teams, and equestrians. Some are bound for the music, for Berger's band is in the Square, and hundreds will not miss it, more particularly strangers who are charmed and fascinated with the Hawaiian airs of this famous leader. As the streets around the square are not paved, the noise of driving or riding does not disturb the music, and horses are kept in motion as the crowds come and go. Few like to miss their plunge in the surf, and yet wish to see a little how the game is going,—like to say Monday that they were one of the interested crowd to know whether the "*Iolanis*" or the "*Kamehamehas*" won; and so intend to just make a "merry-go-round" of the few hours—

and have a part of the whole programme. The spirit of progress is abroad, is in the air, as seen by the dust of dusty King street on this memorable "half holiday"! "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and makes my dear American people very tired, and often tiresome. Let us have a "feed" (English, you know), at least once in seven, of surf and music and ball! Why, every native knows that that is a wise adjustment. A native boy when pushed or overcrowded with work in school will coolly tell you—"No more, no use, some more to-morrow." The Hawaiians are a small race, but God has given to them a share of wisdom.

OLD HONOLULU.

ALTHOUGH the municipal and social life of Honolulu may be said to date from the arrival of the American missionaries in 1820, from which time its growth has been steadily progressive, it was known and frequented as a port long before that date. An interesting event was chronicled in the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser* of Honolulu, shortly after its foundation in 1856, which goes back to 1814. It is a narrative of the first celebration of the ever-glorious Fourth of July on these Islands. On the Fourth of July, 1814, there were moored in the quiet and newly discovered harbor of Honolulu three American merchant ships engaged in the Northwest trade—*Isabella*, Captain Davis; *O. Kane*, Captain Jona Winship; *Albatross*, Captain Nathan Winship, with which last named vessel Captain Alexander Adams, late of Kalihi, and one of the designers of the Hawaiian flag, was connected.

At this time the only pilot to the new harbor was the king, Kamehameha I., who, in his royal double canoes, each seventy-five feet in length, manned by two hundred brawny arms, always first boarded each vessel, and taking command brought her into harbor.

“Those were fabulous days, when the royal pilot stood up, and with his sword in hand, waved the motion of a hundred paddles.” Thus this great prince encouraged commerce by his personal aid and example, and laid the foundation for the commercial supremacy of the newly-founded capital of his united kingdom.

The brothers Winship, by the consent of King Kamehameha I., determined to celebrate the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence in a becoming manner. Each vessel fired three salutes, one in the morning, one at meridian, and the third at sunset. In the afternoon, says the narrative from which we quote, a royal banquet was prepared, such as the days of Kamehameha the First only witnessed. Mats and tables were spread on the open plain in the rear of the Catholic Church lot. In 1814 there were no houses except along the beach and up the valleys. The King's residence was in an inclosure where the old fort stood (near the store of Messrs. Hackfeld & Co.), and the grounds inclosed also what was subsequently the Hudson Bay Company's premises. The great Kamehameha's house stood on the site occupied by Messrs. Hackfeld & Co.'s store. The premises of the Hudson Bay Company are now occupied by the Beaver Block. In 1814 a grove of cocoanut trees grew on the site of the fort and the premises of Messrs. Allen & Robinson, shipbuilders, where for many years afterwards the only wharf at Honolulu stood. These old landmarks have long since been removed.

His Majesty Kamehameha I., who was the warm

friend of the foreigner, had ordered his servants to prepare liberally for the feast, and the tables and mats were loaded with all that royal munificence could provide. It was a grand day. All foreigners, including those connected with the vessels in port, sat down to the feast. There also were the noble Kamehameha's chiefs and his priests. There was Mr. Marini, or Manini, long since deceased (one of whose sons was subsequently employed in the *Advertiser* office); also John Young, Governor of Hawaii—names venerated in Hawaiian history. There, too, was the young Prince Liholiho, then about nineteen years of age, from whom, at the earnest entreaty of foreigners, the King had removed the sacred tabu, so that he might join in the festivities of the day. Ten thousand natives crowded around to witness the feast. Such was the first Fourth of July ever celebrated in the Hawaiian Kingdom.

It is noteworthy that one of the seamen engaged in firing the salute had his hand blown off, and similar accidents occurred at each one of the four succeeding celebrations of the Fourth of July at Honolulu.

K A U A I.

YOU wish I would not make use of the exclamation point so often—you are tired of seeing it? So am I, milady. But, “my gracious!” “*I wish* to goodness,” then, that you, or somebody else, had invented a new set of punctuation marks before it became my “bounden duty” to write what I saw in this wonderful wonder of a country, with its magnificently magnificent waterfalls, not to speak of its million and one exquisitely exquisite smaller ones, and all the way down to the tiniest tiny—its very loveliest loves of rainbows—and its most superbly superb coloring, over and around and under them all—in earth, and sky, and sea! A single exclamation point, forsooth! Why do I not live—and die there? “Don’t be sassy!” You are not my father-confessor, nor even my confidential friend and adviser!

When I speak of a native hut, or grass-house, you may, naturally enough, fancy it means a very despicable sort of a domicile or residence! Not at all. It is often a very picturesque and comfortable abode; airy, light, cool and clean. There are natives and natives! And now and then one will be seen—like to poor Lelea’s “Brown”—as lazy and shiftless as the most

shiftless white man. Certainly, this will manifest itself with no uncertain signs and sounds about his dwelling; for one is sure to see, in an unkempt, untidy, native home a lot of miserable, gaunt, ragged-coated dogs.

In early times, and even later on, the natives were often induced (I am sorry to write) to part with large tracts of land, their rightful inheritance, for a good deal less than the value of a good song! But they are wiser to-day (if not happier), the gentle, laughter-loving, honest-hearted race! Nearly all of them own at least enough land for their taro. A few of them are even well-to-do; some of them (as well as the foreigner) owning quite large plantation shares.

The natives, if cut off from their taro (poi), grow listless and unhappy—actually pine away in no time. The taro can be boiled, and then an inch of the rough outside cut off, when it is still as large as a large Ruta Baga turnip; in color, a delicate violet or lavender, mottled a little with white, fine grain, firm, light and delicious. It can then be toasted, and tastes precisely like roasted chestnuts. It can be boiled or baked, and is good food for any meal in the day.

But the natives care nothing at all for it in any of these ways. It is made by them into a porridge, thick or thin; one-finger, two-finger, three-finger, poi. It is prepared with great care, and put into calabashes,—large bowls made of wood. Some of these are very handsome, as highly polished as rosewood, and often “a thing of beauty.” I saw one, belonging to his late

Majesty, Kalakaua, of silver, in shape of a lotus blossom. But, in the native wood, *koa*, or other, they are much more beautiful. There are exquisite tables of these woods, inlaid, to be seen in the museum at the Government Buildings, opposite the Palace, in Honolulu. Poi, I say, is set away, covered, and as it grows more and more acid and keeps rising, like a thin batter, the bowl will likely be full until it is *paru*—gone! Some of these bowls will hold a large quantity, but they are of different sizes. Poi is an acquired taste entirely; but if one can learn to eat it, it is almost life-giving in that climate.

Doctors often order it to be taken in milk, or water even, in fever and other ailments where nothing else can be retained. It is very nutritious and restorative. Taro is never cheap nor too plentiful. It grows in sunken, overflowed land.

When you come to a comfortable native hut on Kauai, you will see the taro patch, the running water, the cocoanuts, flowering shrubs and climbers, you may be sure, and hills not far off; for the natives have an eye to beauty and comfort. You will see, also, a plenty of light, clean, cool mats of their own making, and if the native has "not a shoe to his foot," you can be sure he will have hats enough to his head.

It may be one can be bought of his wife, which has taken all her leisure time for a month to plait, as light and fine as if from a fairy's loom! A dainty thing enough, when trimmed with lace, for a queen's outing. It can be bought for the small sum of eight dollars.

Some of the matting is fine enough to go down as an heirloom in a family. The natives make many kinds of necklaces. Those made of the feathers of the *oo* sell for as much as fifty dollars. There is also one made of a pretty brown berry, with a rare, delicate perfume which never dies out. These berries are found in abundance in some spots on this island of Kauai.

The natives are intellectual to a degree, but they lack the power of reasoning and concentration; and in mathematics the American or English boy will outstrip them every time. But they can excel in penmanship and in drawing.

They have the very "soul of music" in their soul. I can say *sole* as well, for where they learn to dance they have, naturally, an ease and grace, difficult, as a rule, to be acquired by foreigners. And they are a nation of orators. A Hawaiian will enter a drawing-room, and, if addressed in native, will continue a conversation, or an argument, with as much composure and ease as if he had the "blood of all the Howards," Washingtons or Lafayettes in his veins.

Doubtless, when thoroughly roused, from any very great wrong or injustice—for they have a keen and correct sense of the term, justice—the savage might be clearly discerned. I have heard it said that when enraged, in early times, they owned the secret of handling a man so as to unjoint every limb of his body. But they possess no malice, nor do they premeditate any wrong. What higher meed can I give to the native when I say that, on these islands, a

woman can always look for protection and help from them, at any time or place!

Kauai is the "garden island" of the group, and as it is much smaller than Hawaii, the distances short between given points, and the roads good in certain ways, it is easier journeying than on Hawaii or Maui. At the same time, there is nothing like tight saddlebags, water-proofs, and a good native horse. These are strong, steady, not too fast, but as sure-footed as the chamois. And when I tell you that on Kauai, even, you may have to mount seven steep hills, in going three miles, you will see what is needed in the way of a carrier!

Kauai is the most northerly of the group—between $21^{\circ} 47'$ and $22^{\circ} 46'$, and is ninety miles from the Capital.

In a trip of thirty miles can be seen forests of the mountain apple (*ohia*), with its beautiful leaves and tempting fruit, immense banana-trees, and cocoanut, rice fields, taro patches, guava and orange, lemon and olive, kukui and koa trees; mosses, vines and ferns, passion flowers and magnolias, roses and geraniums, and countless more of brilliant and gaudy hue. Wherever you see a native, you will also see flowers.

"See Hanalei and die." Well, I did see the valley, and live to write it. One thing I can say, in all truth: I shall not die, if I try to do so, in a more lovely place. We started in the early morning, jogging slowly and quietly along, up hill and down dale, passing now and then a Chinaman on foot, now and

then a native group or a native place, stopping often to exclaim of beauties on every side. After ten miles we began to mount, to reach the plateau which looks down on this trebly-enchanted vale. I recollect how anxiously I watched my horse up this almost perpendicular ascent, as patiently he plodded, sure and firm-footed, up and up, I coaxing and praising, when it seemed as if "in the nature of things" he would slip back. Will he go to the top? Indeed he will, splendid fellow that he is! I am tired, from fear; but he is not tired a whit.

How can I best describe this valley?

It seems to me that not the valley, the scénery, the hills, the trees, the sky are what strike a new-comer most forcibly—but the coloring! the million of shades and tints, the lavish wealth of color, which confounds and amazes! Living in sight of a semi-circle of hills and valleys, I was constantly wondering at this, and watching the clouds as they rested often below the peaks, and on the sides. This was the first attraction, as I gazed far down into this valley; and the next—Tennyson's very own "Brook" I saw was there—I knew it in a minute!

"I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down a valley."

Of course it did, for are there not millions and millions of fern—did I not trim the whole *house* with them on any festive occasion?

"By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges."

Had I not just traveled up and down a dozen of
the thirty?

"Till last by *sugar-cane* I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

"I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays;
I babble on the pebbles.

"With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

"I chatter, chatter, as I flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

"I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

"And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery water break
Above the golden gravel,

"And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

And then the tiny houses down there, how small
they looked, embowered in vines and shrubs and

trees! and the miniature rice lakes set in green! the mountain peaks beyond, the orange and mango trees, and the beautiful magnolia with its wealth of perfume!

About ten miles from Hanalei is Kilauea, the plantation managed by Mr. R. A. Macfie. When I remarked the pretty gardens of the Portuguese laborers, I was informed that Mr. M. had offered prizes for the best display about their homes! He impressed one as a man that would think of all pleasant things; neighborly and helpful.

Just beyond Kilauea we visited another valley, which I should not have liked to miss—Kalihiwai.

We took steamer at Kilauea for home—Honolulu, stopping some hours at Kealia to take in sugar, passed by natives on to a small boat going back and forth from wharf to steamer. We had a very rough trip, arriving at Honolulu about eight in the morning!

“Not to myself alone,”

The little opening flower transported cries,
“Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes.
The bee comes sipping, every eventide,
His dainty fill;
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From threatening ill.”

“Not to myself alone,”

The circling star with honest pride doth boast,
“Not to myself alone I rise and set;
I write upon night's coronal of jet
His power and skill who formed our myriad host;

A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,
I gem the sky,
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,
His home on high."

"Not to myself alone,"
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum,
"Not to myself alone, from flower to flower,
I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come;
For man, for man, the luscious food I pile
With busy care,
Content if he repay my ceaseless toil
With scanty share."

"Not to myself alone:"—
O man, forget not thou,—earth's honored priest,
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart,—
In earth's great chorus to sustain *thy* part!
Chiefest of guests at Love's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard; spurn thy native clod,
And *self* disown;
Live to thy neighbor; live unto thy God;
Not to thyself alone!

ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL.

ON leaving the wharves at Honolulu and going up Fort street, you pass the principal retail stores in the city for dry-goods, household furnishings, apothecaries, groceries, etc., and half a mile or so from your starting-point you will see, first, the Roman Catholic Sisters' school for native girls, then the Roman Catholic Church, opposite which you will notice the "Fort-street Church" — Presbyterian, — and there, turning the corner to your right and going south, you will find yourself on Beretania (English) street, and should you pursue this country-like road, unpaved and with earthen sidewalks, from the corner, you will find it continues to be a rather wide and tolerably fair drive of four miles to the sea, where you can get a fine view of the Heads, etc. King street is another drive in the same direction, wider, hotter and dustier by far.

If you are looking for the English Church, it being Sunday when you arrive there, you must give up gazing in wonder at the pretty homes with their tropical trees, gorgeous creepers, ferns and inviting verandas which will line the entire road, and turn in with me, after five minutes' walk from the corner, to the Cathedral precincts, this being one of the three entrances to

the spacious and lovely grounds. As we get fairly within, after the wide driveway, which you see is beautifully lined on both sides with trees and flaming shrubs, the marines, with their officers, and with fife and drum, from an English and from an American man-of-war are there before us, waiting to enter; and walking about, talking and laughing, are the Bishop's boys of Iolani College, from his place two miles north in lovely Nuuanu Valley, and which, as I have lived there, I shall hope to tell you something about in another paper; they have just marched in with their teachers, and are full of life and fun, pleased enough to see the sailors, with whom they soon make friends.

And now, as the last bell rings, in come from the Priory on your right the Sisters' girls, two and two, first quite young ladies, and then, according to their height, down to wee little tots. What a picture they make in the scene, with their white dresses and ribbons of every hue, as they slowly enter, with the "Sisters" and other teachers, the side door of the church! Yes, indeed; the precincts of a Sunday morning present a striking panorama to the quiet looker-on!

In the middle of the grounds stands the magnificent gray cathedral, the chancel, and two bays only, of five, being finished; and no more may be, alas, for another generation! But, even as it now stands, it is the finest building west of the Rocky Mountains in the way of a church edifice! It is Corinthian in order, the stone having come from England in the present Bishop's time. The chancel is large enough for quite a congre-

gation, and is filled with exquisite stained-glass windows, all memorial. The altar and the font are superb pieces of stone, richly carved. This cannot be said of the Noah's Ark of a pulpit! Wood, good wood, however—walnut and plenty of it! May be, if the top could have been sawed off a foot, and the panels cut out, it would not have been a bad thing of its kind. But the Bishop seemed to have an *aloha* for it just as it stood—and nothing could be done, in consequence, to better its looks!

Back of the Cathedral is the pretty plaza of central Honolulu. On the right is the old Pro-Cathedral, half of which is now used for the Chinese mission for Sunday-schools, guild-meetings, etc. Farther up is the "Priory of St. Andrew," conducted by three of the "Devonport Sisters" from England, who came to these islands nearly twenty years ago—about the same time as the Bishop and his sister, Miss Willis, now wife of Rev. Mr. Wainwright, of North Carolina; and the noble, faithful work that has been done by them all among the Hawaiians, God has noted in His book of everlasting remembrance.

To the left are the beautiful grounds and the cottage of the Rev. Herbert Gowan, who ministers to the Chinese, and who, coming from "St. Augustine's College" four years since, set himself to work in the midst of other toil as a "labor of love" to learn the Chinese language and to found a mission, which he has most successfully carried out, preaching to-day in that tongue to more than forty communicants, and having

collected money enough to build within the precincts a neat church edifice! It will be at the Emma-street entrance—that part given by Queen Emma during her lifetime, and is to be begun at once, to the great joy of the Bishop that one of his young clergy has been so zealous in a work which is so important and yet so arduous! Mr. G. is quite a remarkable scholar, understanding Sanskrit and several other languages.

The Rev. Mr. Barnes is another worker, and one of St. Augustine's cleverest men. His home, too, will be within the precincts. He is sub-dean and rector of the Cathedral, and services are conducted by him in Hawaiian as well as in English, the Prayer-Book having been translated into Hawaiian by His Majesty, Kamehameha IV., and a Hymnal by the present Bishop.

Yes; the picture is worth your while, this lovely Sunday morning, with the delicious, soft air and the glorious sunshine, the trees, the flowers, the green velvet carpet, the marines, the Chinese women and children with their gaudy silks, the "Sisters" with their girls, the boys, the clergy. Surely it is a busy little world of many nations represented by these men and children here this morning, no fewer than seven by the boys alone!—English, American, Hawaiian, German, Irish, Norwegian, Chinese, as well as half-castes!

"God hath made of one blood all nations on the face of the earth" is the text ever in the Bishop's mouth, and when I tell you that at the "college" not the slightest distinction is made as to color, race or

tongue, rich or poor, gentle or peasant, you will see that his Lordship is a true shepherd as well as missionary! And now, if you will stay, you shall hear the fine organ, and the chorister boys and men, and that mixed congregation of natives and foreigners, officers and sailors, girls and boys, responding and singing the chants and hymns of the Church's glorious liturgy! You will not regret your stay.

After the terrible storm at Samoa, the Bishop called a meeting, and money was gladly subscribed for memorial windows in remembrance of the brave officers, English and American, who perished in that fearful gale! Their voices had often mingled in the worship of St. Andrew's Cathedral, and blanched were many faces and sad all hearts when the news came to Honolulu. These windows are placed on the south side of the nave next to the south door. The subject of the left hand light is Christ walking on the sea, and rebuking St. Peter's want of faith, which caused him to sink, with the words, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" The subject of the companion light is the stilling of the tempest on the sea of Galilee, at the words, "Peace, be still." They are erected by subscription, the one to the memory of Commander Nicolls, who died on his way to England in command of H. B. M. S. *Cormorant*, after having been stationed at Honolulu, the other to the memories of the Captain and Paymaster of the U. S. S. *Vandalia*—Captain Schoonmaker and Paymaster Arms—which was lost in the hurricane that visited Samoa in 1889.

IN MEM. COMMANDER JASPER E. T. NICOLLS, R. N.,
H. B. M. S. CORMORANT, DIED AT SEA, OCT. 9, 1889.

I. M. CAPTAIN C. M. SCHOONMAKER AND PAYMASTER
F. H. ARMS, U. S. S. VANDALIA, LOST AT SAMOA,
MARCH 16, 1889.

"Well done, Calliope!" is the title of a spirited ballad contributed last month to *Atalanta* by Rev. Canon Rawnsley. The bursting of the hurricane is thus described:

The wind blew west, the wind blew east,
We dropped our heaviest chain;
The sea was churned and flew like yeast,
Before the thrashing rain,
And through the night of roar and spite
We fought the hurricane.

After the parting cheer of the *Trenton*:

Scathed by the dragon's teeth we passed
From out the jaws of hell,
We faced all day the howling blast,
Rose mountain high and fell,
And still far forth towards the north
We steered, and all was well.

When service is over and you wish to find a home for the time, you need only to cross the road and you are at once within the grounds of the "Hawaiian Hotel," where every wish will be attended to, and where, if you choose, you can sit all the day on the spacious verandas, with masses of flowers almost within reach of your hand. Literally, in five minutes from this hotel, you can be at the Palace door, or at the

Government Building, or inside the Opera House, or the Y. M. C. A. Building, or looking over the 8,000 books in the Public Library; for are they not all near-neighbors? And are you not close to the "heart of the city"? Yea, verily, and the most unique little world in mid-ocean—very tiny, as you will see—but representing many nations and interests. Berger's fine band is often at the Hotel grounds of an evening, when they are illuminated and always open to the public. In fifteen minutes' walk, from the wharves or from the business center, and less, you can find yourself far outside of any hum of trade, walking on a country-like road, undisturbed by foot-passengers, with the exception of now and then a native, until you reach the beach, or the mountains.

All who have traveled know and acknowledge that at these islands is to be found the finest climate on this "terrestrial globe"; that the air is the softest, the sky the bluest, the clouds the nearest and the whitest, the full moon and the stars the largest, the rainbows the oftenest, the rains the warmest; and so the flowers are the most brilliant, ferns the most delicate, palms the most lofty, hillsides and valleys freshest and greenest, the water the purest and sweetest,—and because of all this there is absence of all jar, and fret, and worry, there is quiet and rest and repose for man and beast; there is lack of hurry and bustle, and drive and scold; there is absence of crime and censure and harsh criticism; and in their place is, universally, the law of kindness and true Christian charity among all

classes and conditions of men—overtopping and covering both race prejudice and color. Many nations and races are represented here in this little kingdom of the sea—this “rainbow-land,” this “Paradise of the Pacific.”

ALOHA, HAWAII! ALOHA NUI!

IOLANI COLLEGE.

[Reprinted from *The Churchman*.]

IT has been in my mind of late that may be the readers of *The Churchman* would like to hear something of "Iolani College," the Bishop's School in Honolulu, a school for native boys—would like to know how a Church school for Hawaiians is conducted. When I tell you that the Bishop's favorite text is "God hath made of one blood all nations on the face of the earth," you will cease to wonder why in a "native school" there may be seen not only Hawaiians and half-castes, but English, American, German, Norwegian, Irish, and Chinese boys as well. All receive the same love and protection, the rich are treated as well as the poor, the high-born no better than the lowest, all eat at the same table, meet as one family in the college chapel at sunrise and at sunset daily, worship in the Cathedral together Sundays and Saints' days, share the same dormitories, and play in the same games. The Bishop is a true missionary, not so much in word as in deed, for he is a man of very few words, and one must often exercise great patience in waiting to hear him speak on any given subject. It is the hope of his life, doubtless, that the seed sown in

the hearts of these boys, by the example of his own most unselfish and self-sacrificing life, will spring up and bear fruit, not only on Hawaii but "unto everlasting life." "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed ye shall not only—" It is now nearly twenty years since Bishop Willis came to Hawaii, and at once opened the doors of this school, to help on Church missionary work on these islands, believing that to rightly train the child is to make the Churchman! And however discouraging and dark all has seemed at times, he has never lost heart nor faith—but like a true and good shepherd has gone on giving of his life, strength, time and substance to the fold under his care.

The poor, the maimed, the halt and the blind come to the college knocking for admittance, and never will the Bishop say them nay, if it is possible to keep them. Nor that alone, for quite a family of boys is entirely dependent upon his bounty the year round.

Iolani College is on the Bishop's own grounds, which are quite extensive, including his residence, the chapel, dining-hall, dormitories, bath-houses, cook-house, stable, and several cottages. It is about a mile and a half from the middle of the town, and from St. Andrew's Cathedral, in most lovely Nuuanu Valley, facing the south and the sea, and on high land, overlooking the town. Vessels and steamers can be seen when entering and leaving port, to the boys' great delight. There is a large play-ground for baseball and other games, which must never be encroached upon in any way.

Three or four times a week the boys go farther up the valley for a swim.

Everything at the college goes on like bell-work, for a different boy is appointed each week to ring the bell on the chapel, and it becomes a "point of honor" with them not to defraud themselves nor any one else—the cook, for instance—out of half a minute! And woe to the ringer if he rang a minute too soon, when a game of baseball was impending! He would better dive for the Bishop's study to find a friend! There is the most perfect good-fellowship between the Bishop and his boys, and to him they go, for the study door is ever open, with all troubles and difficulties that the headmaster cannot settle. He is their father and their friend at all times. The boys seem to believe, with perfect faith, that all their needs can be met by simply going to the Bishop's study—and go there they will and do for a string to their top, or a rag for their toe! There is no demand too great or too small for them to believe he will not meet! "Go tell the Bishop," "Go ask the Bishop—he knows," can be heard any time in the day, and never do they meet with a rebuff or hear a harsh word from him.

The Hawaiian boys are (with good training) experts often where a correct eye and steady hand are requisite—and some of their penmanship and map-drawing was sent to the Paris Exposition. The master excels in teaching drawing—if he can be said *not* to excel in anything needed in a school like this. His models in chalk, pencil and colors are so fine that

the boys are enthusiastic—and bound to copy if they can!

Not a few of them are born orators. In mathematics they can figure rapidly until close reasoning and steady concentration are required—then, they are all “at sea” and in a muddle—and the other boys outstrip them “every time,” to their chagrin. This simply proves the rule of having generations of culture behind one! The capability of deep thinking—and determined perseverance must come as a rich heritage from father to son, be he black, brown or white. There are exceptions to all rules—but the laws of heredity can not be gainsaid in any way. And no one knows this better than the teacher!

There is religious instruction every morning—the first half hour of school—and when a boy has been an “Iolanian” (bread of Heaven) even two years only, he is the owner of a mental rosary strung, alternately, of Catechism and Collect—canticles, hymns and psalms, which will go with him through life, whether he will or not. There are matins and evensong, daily, at 6:30 in the chapel, excepting on Friday, when evensong, and instruction, followed by a half hour of “choir practice,” is at the Cathedral. And on Saints’ days when morning prayer is said at the Cathedral at nine, with instruction; then, after a short school session, there is often a half-holiday. There is also “choir practice” in the chapel two mornings in the week, directly after breakfast. All work of this kind is conducted by the Rev. Mr. Barnes, who is a very

fine musician. There is "preparation," half hour from 7 to 7:30 before breakfast, and from 7 to 8:30 after chapel at night. Supper is at 5:30, followed by half hour of recreation. The school hours are from 9 to 2:30, taking out the dinner hour. Saturday is a holiday. So you see it is a busy hive of workers at Iolani, and very proud the boys are of this school. Often at midnight the Bishop is going, with his lantern, the rounds of the dormitories, to see if "all is well."

Just two years ago this month, when the Bishop and Mrs. Willis returned from England, Mr. John Bush, of Chatham, a gentleman of large experience, came over to be head-master of "Iolani." The boys claimed him at once as their stanch friend and "big brother," who would see that any wrong of theirs was righted; would teach them to swim, to run and to jump—and give them points in their games of which they never dreamed! They *know* he will never disappoint them, "go back" on them, nor "give them away," except they themselves compel him to do so! They are very fond of the game (American) of baseball, and will leave their pudding—no small sacrifice, let me tell you!—until supper-time, rather than to be ten minutes late on the play-ground at Makiki, on Saturday, which is some three miles distant from the college. The club, comprising four other schools, plays its test games there—and when I whisper in the boy's ear who is reading this that the Iolanis won the last season five running games out of six, and where the "other boys" were often "bigger," he will

see they are not far behind in skill nor physical endurance! They came in hurrahing, and rang the college bell! The trophies are, the bats and balls used in the game—and there is a grand blow-out at the end of the season. This game is something like the English game of “rounders.”

In the “kite season” it is most novel and amusing to see the kites of all forms and sizes going rapidly skyward from the College grounds; and even some very fair balloons, and “parshoots,” as the little folk term them. Then it is that his Lordship comes to the front at once—and brings *his* team on, to the course, from some upper shelf or nook, of the study—to the boys’ crazy delight. Then it is, too, that China tries to prove that she knew all about the “kite” ages before England was born! And the Chinese boys display their ingenuity to “astonish the natives”! But all is harmony on the grounds; and all have the same watchful care and love, of whatever race or nation.

I cannot say enough of the most perfect system of this school—where good-health, good-will, and good-humor, prevail from Sunday morning to Saturday night. A happier set of boys—a more cheerful, and willing never were known! Could the Bishop, by going to England, have ordered a master to be made, he could not have “fitted” better than Mr. Bush fits that most unique position! Fancy Hawaiian good-natured indolence and indifference, “go-as-you-please” temperament, half-caste vanity and conceit, Irish in-

solence, American nervousness and rush, English obstinacy and persistence, German slowness, Norwegian dullness, and Chinese setness! and by chance something else, all brought under one roof, and you will divine what wisdom is needed to prevent friction in the work undertaken!

To a liberal education and rare gifts in drawing and mathematics is added a Christlike nature, perfect gentleness and simplicity of manner, and the tender heart of a woman in dealing with boys. A boy could do nothing too bad, even if condemned by half the college, to be outside the pale of his sympathy. He would hear every point the offender had to bring, and if punishment must be meted out to him, it would be in the spirit of a just but loving parent,—that would be the end of it, like a sum wiped off a slate, and the boy would have a chance to begin a better course. The College, as I have said, is not far from the Cathedral, just a pleasant march and outing for them, except, as now and then in the rainy season, when a ducking or a small tropical flood overtakes them, and that does not disturb their good-nature, even if their brand-new suit is in it all. They are taught self-reliance, and to laugh at trifles. But rain in Hawaii is often no trifle, nor trifler, but very determined in its soaking propensities, and the mud has a royal patent—Kalakaua mud. And just here let me say that it is a fact and no fancy that whenever his Majesty, King Kalakaua, arranges or sets a time, it matters not in what month nor what day of the month, for any event

in the way of holiday, festivity, celebration or the sort, the clouds also arrange for the same hour, and arraying themselves in sombre mourning tints, pack and crowd and jam closely together—piling up and up from back of Punchbowl, and over Mt. Tantalus—finally meeting in the middle of the town, just over the Palace roof, when down comes the rain straight, steady and constant! “The King’s weather.” It simply “happened so”—a coincidence, I am sure; for I know—am perfectly certain, that the biggest, blackest, most threatening-looking cloud in the sky, could have nothing personal stored up against so hospitable and kindly a gentleman as his Majesty—not even a drop of rain. The Bishop’s grounds are entirely carpeted with the richest and greenest and thickest and softest of silk velvet—Crown mark!—and it is the pride of the “light infantry,” the dear little barefooted pick-uppers, that no rubbish, not even a feather shall stay on this piece of work of Nature’s weaving, and the first thing in the morning they are out on duty. This is the task of the “small fry” entirely.

“He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding. He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life.

“And he that ruleth his spirit better than he that taketh a city.”

If “example is better than precept” then the collegians can but learn from their friend the Bishop of Honolulu that “silence is golden.”

“The sculptor wrought on the marble white
From early dawn till the shades of night

Fell over the landscape far and wide.
Then he looked at his work and sadly sighed,
So poor and incomplete it seemed
Beside the model of which he dreamed,
But all his hopes were centered there—
His days of toil, his nights of care ;
And now he thought, with a throb of pain,
That all of his labor had been in vain ;
For none would see in the work achieved
The grand ideal his soul conceived.
A prayer burst forth from his sorrowing breast :
' O God,' he cried, ' I have done my best !'
That night an angel, in mercy sent,
Over that marble figure bent ;
And as he worked the statue grew
More beautiful and fair to view ;
For every stroke to form and face
Added some new and subtle grace.
The sculptor came in the early morn,
With heavy heart and looks forlorn ;
But his eyes were dazzled, his brain distraught
By the wonderful change the night had wrought.
With rapturous joy his bosom swelled
As the glorious image his eyes beheld ;
And there on the wall just over his head,
In letters of gold, these words he read :
' When the workman hath wrought the best he could,
Whatever the work, God makes it good.'
The people came from far and near
To see the statue which had no peer ;
And soon to the king on his lofty throne
The humble sculptor by fame was known.
With wealth and honor his life was crowned,
For none was more famous the wide world round.
The sculptor has long since passed away ;
His statue has moldered to decay ;
But the promise the angel left behind
Is still fulfilled to all mankind :
' When the workman hath wrought the best he could,
Whatever the work, God makes it good.'
So when you feel you have done your best,
Then leave to the Sculptor Divine the rest."

“There is scarcely any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed, as that of a schoolmaster; the reasons whereof I conceive to be these: First, young scholars make the calling their refuge; yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession, but only a rod and a ferule.

“Secondly, others, who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling.

“Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which, in some places, they receive; being masters to the children, and slaves to their parents. But see how well *our* schoolmaster behaves himself.

“He studieth his scholars’ natures as carefully as they their books, and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And, though it may seem difficult for him, in a great school, to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys’ natures, and reduce them all (saving some few exceptions) to these general rules:

“1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presages much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where his master whips him once, shame whips him all

the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

"2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think, with the hare in the fable, that, running with snails, (so they count the rest of their school-fellows), they shall come soon enough to the post; though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh, a good rod would finely take them napping.

"3. Those that be dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed, by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country; and therefore their dullness is at first to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault.

"4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boatmakers will choose those crooked pieces of timber, which other carpenters refuse.

"He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hang-

ing clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him. He is moderate in inflicting even deserved correction.

"Many a schoolmaster seemeth to understand that schooling his pupils meaneth scolding and scoring them; and therefore, in bringing them forward, he useth the lash more than the leading string.

"Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes. The tyranny of such a man hath caused the tongues of many to stammer which spake plainly by nature, and whose stuttering, at first, was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence."

"In visiting Alexandria, what most engages the attention of travelers, is the pillar of Pompey, as it is commonly called, situated at a quarter of a league from the southern gate. It is composed of red granite. The capital is Corinthian, with palm-leaves, and not indented. It is nine feet high. The shaft and the upper member of the base are of one piece of ninety feet long, and nine in diameter. The base is a square of about fifteen feet on each side. This block of marble, sixty feet in circumference, rests on two layers of stone bound together with lead; which, however, has not prevented the Arabs from forcing out several of them to search for an imaginary treasure.

"The whole column is one hundred and fourteen feet high. It is perfectly well polished, and only a little shiwered on the eastern side. Nothing can equal

the majesty of this monument; seen from a distance, it overtops the town, and serves as a signal for vessels. Approaching it nearer, it produces an astonishment mixed with awe. One can never be tired with admiring the beauty of the capital, the length of the shaft, or the extraordinary simplicity of the pedestal. This last has been somewhat damaged by the instruments of travelers who are curious to possess a relic of this antiquity; and one of the volutes of the column was prematurely brought down about twelve years ago, by a prank of some English captains, which is thus related by Mr. Irwin:

“These jolly sons of Neptune had been pushing about the can on board of one of the ships in the harbor, until a strange freak entered the brain of one of them. The eccentricity of the thought occasioned it immediately to be adopted; and its apparent impossibility was but a spur for putting it into execution. The boat was ordered; and with proper implements for the attempt, these enterprising heroes pushed ashore to drink a bowl of punch on the top of Pompey’s Pillar! At the spot they arrived; and many contrivances were proposed to accomplish the desired point. But their labor was vain; and they began to despair of success, when the genius who struck out the frolic happily suggested the means of performing it.

“A man was dispatched to the city for a paper kite. The inhabitants were by this time apprised of what was going forward, and flocked in crowds to be wit-

nesses of the address and boldness of the English. The governor of Alexandria was told that those seamen were about to pull down Pompey's Pillar. But whether he gave them credit for their respect to the Roman warrior, or to the Turkish government, he left them to themselves, and politely answered, that the English were too great patriots to injure the remains of Pompey. He knew little, however, of the disposition of the people who were engaged in this undertaking. Had the Turkish empire risen in opposition, it would not at that moment have deterred them.

"The kite was brought, and flown so directly over the pillar, that when it fell on the other side, the string lodged upon the capital. The chief obstacle was now overcome. A two-inch rope was tied to one end of the string, and drawn over the pillar by the end to which the kite was affixed. By this rope one of the seamen ascended to the top; and in less than an hour a kind of shroud was constructed, by which the whole company went up and drank their punch, amid the shouts of the astonished multitude. To the eye below, the capital of the pillar does not appear capable of holding more than one man upon it; but our seamen found it could contain no less than eight persons very conveniently.

"It is astonishing that no accident befell these madcaps, in a situation so elevated, that it would have turned a landman giddy in his sober senses. The only detriment which the pillar received, was the loss

of the volute before mentioned, which came down with a thundering sound, and was carried to England by one of the captains, as a present to a lady who had commissioned him for a piece of the pillar. The discovery which they made amply compensated for this mischief; as, without their evidence, the world would not have known at this hour that there was originally a statue on this pillar, one foot and ankle of which are still remaining. The statue must have been of a gigantic size, to have appeared of a man's proportion at so great a height.

"There are circumstances in this story which might give it an air of fiction, were it not authenticated beyond all doubt. Besides the testimony of many eye-witnesses, the adventurers themselves have left us a token of the fact, by the initials of their names, which are very legible in black paint just beneath the capital."

"Alas! what differs more than man from man!
And whence this difference?—whence but from himself?
For see the universal race endowed
With the same upright form! The sun is fixed,
And the infinite magnificence of heaven,
Within the reach of every human eye:
The sleepless ocean murmurs in all ears;
The vernal fields infuse fresh delight
Into all hearts. Throughout the world of sense,
Even as an object is sublime or fair,
That object is laid open to the view
Without reserve or veil; and as a power
Is salutary, or its influence sweet,
Are each and all enabled to perceive
That power, that influence, by impartial law.

Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all;—
 Reason,—and, with that reason, smiles and tears;
 Imagination, freedom of the will,
 Conscience to guide and check; and death
 To be foretasted,—immortality presumed.
 Strange, then, nor less than monstrous, might be deemed
 The failure, if the Almighty, to this point
 Liberal and undistinguishing, should hide
 The excellence of moral qualities
 From common understanding; leaving truth
 And virtue, difficult, abstruse and dark;
 Hard to be won, and only by a few:—
 Strange, should he deal herein with nice respects,
 And frustrate all the rest! Believe it not:
 The primal duties shine aloft—like stars:
 The charities, that sooth, and heal, and bless,
 Are scattered at the feet of man—like flowers.
 The generous inclination, the just rule,
 Kind wishes and good actions, and pure thoughts—
 No mystery is here; no special boon
 For high and not for low,—for proudly graced
 And not for meek in heart. The smoke ascends
 To heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth,
 As from the haughty palace.”

“Oh! I would walk
 A weary journey to the furthest verge
 Of the big world, to kiss that good man’s hand,
 Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,
 Preserves a lowly mind; and to his God,
 Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
 Is as a child in meek simplicity!
 What is the pomp of learning? the parade
 Of letters and of tongues? Even as the mists,
 Or the gray morn before the rising sun,
 That pass away and perish. Earthly things
 Are but the transient pageants of an hour;
 And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
 That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.”

ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

MY readers likely know that the Sandwich Islands, or the Hawaiian, lie just inside the Tropical belt; and that Honolulu is the capital of the group. But, may be, they do not know that they are 2,100 miles, or a week's sail by steamer, and two by sailing vessel, from San Francisco, and that it is a most delightful voyage to make! They are 3,800 miles from Auckland, 4,480 from Sydney, and 4,803 from Hong Kong.

The islands are seven in number; four of them being of great commercial importance—Hawaii being the largest (and so giving its name to the group), Maui, Oahu (on which is Honolulu, and which is supposed to be the oldest island of the group), and Kauai (where is the new plantation of 60,000 acres). The other three are Molokai, Niihau, and Lanai, the last-named, a sheep-ranch owned by the late Mr. Gibson (Premier)—Niihau, owned by one family. Nor do I think that my readers know there is constant and regular steamer communication between the more important islands; and that no rougher sea can be found than in these channels. But, "use is a second nature," and the people appear not to mind it much! And the journey is only for one or two nights.

The largest active volcano, Kilauea, is on Hawaii, and it is almost worth while going around the globe to see; so one need not mind a few hours' shaking up, if sight-seeing brings them to Hawaii. It would be a thousand pities to miss it!

Haleakala—Hale-a-ka-la—house of the sun—is the largest extinct crater, and is on Maui. There is a cave where a few travelers at a time can rest for a night and be quite comfortable if they don't mind the music of a mosquito now and then. The trip is not too hard for one used to mountain climbing. A first-rate horse and good equipments are the requisites, together with a purse not too light, in making a tour of these islands. While the roads are sometimes good, they are often very bad; ruts, ravines, gulches, etc., for which one must be prepared. There is no climate to fight, all is perfect, unless too warm for a stranger may be, or unless, in the rainy season, one be overtaken by a local flood.

"The surface of the three larger islands is made up of volcanic peaks and their valleys, formed by the decomposition of the lava, and partly, perhaps, by upheavals, too. Thus by the elements and cycles of time have been formed the many beautiful valleys—the Manoa, back of Honolulu, with its fine waterfall and natural bath; Palolo, next beyond—the botanists' paradise—where, in a circle of one hundred feet, twenty-five different varieties of ferns were found; Kalihi—the wild and picturesque; and the historic Nuuanu valley. This is one of the most beautiful

drives about Honolulu. Here are the royal mausoleum, the electric works, two large reservoirs which help the water supply, the picturesque ruins of a home of Kamehameha III., and the gentle slopes covered with a dense, thick foliage. Here Nature prepared the strategic point for Kamehameha I. The valley widens as if a rolling plain were beyond, and then suddenly closes, leaving a very narrow gap—the Pali—1,200 feet above the sea level and through perpendicular mountains over 3,000 feet. It was up this valley and through the gap the old conqueror rushed the last of his enemies headlong down the precipitous sides to death. The wind blows fiercely through the gap most all the time. Tradition says this is on account of the furious anger of the spirits of the departed enemy.”

On the east side of Honolulu is an extinct crater called Punchbowl; and you can surmise why it takes that name. Government has put a fine drive around the hill to the top, where a magnificent view of the city can be had, looking like an immense grove, with a few houses and spires interspersed, and bounded by the sea. Nothing could be much finer in the way of a splendid picture. On leaving the foot of the hill, against which are crowded Portuguese shanties with their tiny patches of vineyard and melon, in a few minutes you can pass the Royal School on Emma street—a school of two hundred native boys, including a sprinkling of half-castes.

These native boys are good in drawing and in pen-

manship. Their eye is fairly correct in the work, a firm and steady hand, together with great patience. They are not easily disheartened or discouraged, but will faithfully go over and over a piece of work until it entirely suits them. It must be admitted, however, that they will take pretty much their own time for it, and will make but little exertion, except "the spirit moves them"! They do not premeditate mischief, possess no malice, but are unselfish, generous and good-natured. They lack gratitude, and, as a race, take everything done for their benefit, small or large, as a "matter of course." They are noisy, boisterous, stormy little rascals; they will, now and then, pride themselves on a "swear-word," or smoke a sly cigarette, but are always ready for a laugh and a bit of fun. To hear them singing "Marching through Georgia," and other songs of the late war, is quite a surprise to the stranger on the island. But it is far more pleasing to hear them sing in their own tongue. They do not fit well into English. Farther down the road, on the right, you will notice the lovely grounds and house of Hon. C. R. Bishop, an American banker.

This beautiful and spacious mansion, a fair rival of the Iolani Palace, was built by Princess Ruth Keelikolani "for a monument to herself," as she expressed it. She was a Kamehameha and a noble woman. The late Princess Bernice Pauahi Bishop was her heir. She, in her turn, left the estate to her husband. Mrs. Bishop left in her will half a million dollars to found the "Kamehameha Schools" (industrial). *Her monu-*

ment, indeed! The one for boys was completed some years ago; and, connected with this school, Mr. Bishop has endowed a magnificent museum, where will be found a very valuable collection of Hawaiian relics and curios. At his death it may pass into the hands of a descendant of the "Pilgrim Fathers," (it might do worse), but it would make a fine "Kamehameha Home" for homeless children. The author of "Vanity Fair," far from fortunate in the most intimate of his domestic relations, yet desired above all things to found a home. To that end he built a Queen Anne house within a half-minute's walk of High street, Kensington, close to the old palace. There surrounded by friends, the choicest spirits of his age, he lived and wrote and died. Then came the inevitable sale of that "still life" which the gentle spirit so dearly prized, and the red-brick house, with its pleasant library and billiard-room, its veranda and cozy garden, fell into the hands of strangers. Thackeray had set his heart on this house, and intended that it should be associated with his name. Reminded by a friend of the line in Horace about those who, oblivious of their sepulchers, build themselves houses, he retorted that he was not so forgetful, as the house he had built would always be valuable to his posterity.

Scarcely a week ago the place was empty, though it had found another tenant—and the people in charge, and the policeman on the beat, when questioned, confessed that they had never heard the name of Thack-

eray, or knew that such an author had at any time existed.

"Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher,
Vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

Opposite is the home of the British Minister, Mr. Wodehouse. Near by is Emma Square, a pretty place indeed, where one can hear on moonlight nights Berger's fine band, consisting exclusively of native Hawaiians. At the Knights Templar Conclave in San Francisco in 1883, in the grand march, the Royal Hawaiian Band held the place of honor. You will travel a long way to hear more entrancing music than this German *maestro*, with his superbly trained "boys," can give you! Hearing is believing! Such lovely nights and such fine music combined, did any one ever know except in Hawaii! Just along here you will find the Emma-square entrance, and the Emma-street entrance, too, to the precincts of "St. Andrew's Cathedral," of the "Anglican Church Mission."

On the left as you enter from the Square, are the grounds and buildings of "St. Andrew's Priory," a home and school for Hawaiian girls. The grounds are ample for all their needs of play, and for garden. The buildings are convenient, cool and airy, with stretch upon stretch of veranda, a very desirable thing in a climate like Honolulu. Great royal palms can be seen with their tops almost to the sky, brilliant climbers, and dainty flowers of paler hue. Fifty native girls find a home and an education within this place, and of day pupils there are over fifty more.

There is the pretty chapel, the schoolhouse, the refectory, the dormitories, the drawing-room, etc.; but where is the soul of this place—where are the heads and hearts that keep this work going year by year, prosperous and successful?

Ah, it is the "Devonport Sisters"! and, for nearly twenty years, they have been working on these islands, among Hawaiian girls, going in and out on their errands of mercy, to teach, and love, and help in any and every way, native girls of all ages, from the young lady to the wee tot, "counting all gain but loss," that they may win to Christ these children, and make them co-workers in the church of their love, and good sisters, wives and mothers, in the home-life.

Their hospitality is unbounded. And merry is the time, and jolly is the treat, when "Eldress Phœbe" throws open the doors of her priory that all may enter, and enjoy for an afternoon the lovely grounds! The "Good Queen Emma," (relict of Kamehameha IV.), the patron of the Church in Hawaii, loved nothing better, in her life, than to take her quiet Sunday tea in the little parlor of the priory. And sadly do the Sisters miss her Majesty's pleasant face, her cheery, sunny manners, and helpful words!

The precincts are very beautiful, with the well-kept velvet carpet, the trees, the flame-colored shrubs, reminding one of autumn leaves in New England just before "Jack Frost" takes them. There are three entrances,—on the east, west and north. Each is wide enough for carriages and for people..

When the Bishop is in town he is always at the Cathedral on Thursday and Sunday mornings as well as Saints' days, at 6:30, for early celebration. The "Sisters" are there with their young family—and a few others, now and then a stranger or two from the hotel, on the other side of the road. And never does the place look more beautiful than in the early morning. It truly looks at such times, especially if there have been night showers, like "a new heaven and a new earth"! You may say, "If I go to the same latitude, on any other part of the globe, shall I not find as fine a climate as this Hawaii I hear so much extolled?"

I can only say you "Nay."

The why I cannot tell you—you must ask some professor of meteorology, or the Signal Service man, or "the man in the moon," and then tell me; for I did not promise you in my preface to solve knotty, scientific problems, did I? But the climate of Hawaii is, thus far, an indisputable fact—a climate with no exact parallel on this planet, at all rates. It is here the compensation for nearly all "the ills that flesh is heir to." Discomforts, lack of society and the rest are borne with more patience and grace than could be possible in most other places. It is perfect rest to the sick and weary—to the overworked brain—to the tired thinker. It is satisfying to every cell in man's brain, and every fibre of his heart!

Marvelous in its beauty, and very even throughout the year, certainly it often seems too warm to the

stranger. And it is a lulling, soothing, don't-care-whether-school-keeps-or-not atmosphere. It is not the climate in which to roll up one's sleeves at five A. M., and do hard mental or physical work till sundown or midnight.

It is the very place to stop all things of that kind, and to do a little only, to-day, and the rest, or more, well—may be next week! It is a good place in which to dream life away, and not to be called idle, either, because you are busy watching Nature in her most beautiful holiday dress—a very queen of transcendent loveliness! Ah, yes! the lotos will grow in your brain and thrive; and you will take to a lulling dream-life, and die there, accomplishing almost nothing of your life's earnest, best work, unless you see your danger, rouse yourself, put on the brakes, and go where you can once again swim on skates, and smell the snow!

ALOHA, HAWAII! ALOHA NUI!

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

"As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,

We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back,—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels showed,
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme: '*Under the tree
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea.*'
Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head;
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow.
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood

With nuts from brown October's wood.
What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change!"

ALOHA, NEW ENGLAND, ALOHA NUI!

THE PLUMARIA.

SOMEWHERE I have read that in India, while all flowers may be offered to the lesser or inferior gods, the plumaria only is offered to Brahma.

For me, there is but one flower and one perfume—the violet. From the time of “our old home,” when, as a child, in the early summertime, I would run with my chum-brother—a year younger than myself—down the road in the morning, and through “Bryon’s Woods,” on across the foot-bridge of Swan’s Brook, past the Indian encampment (whose inmates and their basket-making were one more note in my happy childhood’s music), thence straight on to the side of the hill to pull my violets wet with the dew; throwing away handful after handful, tugging little Dyke farther on, fancying, in my childish ignorance, I saw longer-stemmed and larger violets, richer in their royal color, a little farther up the hill! Nor even then quite satisfied until too warm and too tired to try to mount a step higher. Typical of life: we throw away the good we hold, climbing a little higher, toiling to reach what seems a little better, larger, sweeter, more-to-be-desired flower or fruit, and we grasp instead, too often, alas! the deception, the illusion, the

mirage of the desert, the will-o'-the-wisp, the Dead-Sea apple of ashes. We look, and there is nothing in our hands. We have thrown away our birthright for "a mess of pottage." "Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity." Violets are selling in the streets of San Francisco to-day, beautiful and cheap enough, indeed, while snow and frozen streams are in my birthplace, and the merry tinkling of sleigh-bells. But they are not quite like the violets of the dear old home. The friction of town-life—the busy whirl of loom and lathe—is now upon *my* hill; they do not know it was the violets' land; my Indians are in their Heavenly Father's hunting-grounds; strangers are on our much-loved hearth-stone. Violets blossoming in the springtime in the "old burying-ground" tell of the "new life" and the home beyond—farther on—a little higher up!

"Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw,
And, from its station in the hall,
An ancient time-piece says to all,
 'Forever—never!
 Never—forever!'

"In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted hospitality.
His great fires up the chimney roared,
The stranger feasted at his board;
There groups of merry children played
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed.
O precious hours! O golden prime!
An affluence of love and time!

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
'Ah! when shall they all meet again,
As in the days long since gone by?'
The ancient time-piece makes reply—
 'Forever—never!
 Never—forever!' "

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
 Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

"I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

"So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
And, with the morn, those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

But, after the violet, next in my heart is this fitting blossom of the heathen's god Brahma (signifying "the ever-blessed Trinity"), the plumaria, with a perfume like itself, dainty and golden. The heart of this most exquisite flower is the color of the feather of the *oo*—a deep gold, which grows lighter, almost to white, often, at the edge of the leaves, that are four in number, stiff and smooth and

firm like wax. It is unlike any other flower— a little larger than a syringa, but, without the least provocation, drops out of the calyx, leaving no stem to it for a bouquet. But they will last a week, put in a saucer of water. They grow on a large, coarse bush or tree, not at all beautiful. The natives fully appreciate this gem of theirs. A boy would bring me one flower to his delight. And if I would draw it on the board, "Oh, Mary! Mary!" they would exclaim, quite in the tone and manner, strange to say, of true devotion. While visiting on a plantation, a little girl came running to me, "Shall I make you a *lei*, Miss P——?" "With all my heart, my dear, I *wish* you would; but I hope it isn't anything *very* bad, that will hurt me, for I never saw a *lei*, you know. I don't know at all what it is like, and the Islands are so queer, I am sure." "Oh dear, no! Miss P——, it's *flowers*—a '*lei*,' to put around your neck; and I'll make it of *plumarias*"—her richest gift, the dear child, and I did not sense it. One can be worn for several days, if put in water at night.

In the large and beautifully kept grounds of Queen Emma's Hospital, in Honolulu, are to be seen magnificent date-palms, the entire avenue (main), and many rare plants—in bush and tree. Dr. McKibben, who has been in charge there for many years, is, I was told, a very scientific botanist, and jealous of the grounds, so that it is a treat to go in there.

This hospital was the gift of Kamehameha IV. and his consort, Queen Emma. It is free to Hawaiians,

but foreigners must pay a moderate board, according to what they require and desire. On entering Hawaii there is a hospital tax of two dollars. It seems to me there must be a very large fund by this time. If my dollars were put to good interest it would give some native a good turkey for Thanksgiving, which is close at hand as I write this—I mean to say, a hungry convalescent. This hospital is a comfortable place for the homeless sick in a foreign land.

“ Wondrous honors hast Thou given
To our humblest charity,
In thine own mysterious sentence,
‘ Ye have done it unto me.’
Can it be, O gracious Master,
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Saying by Thy poor and needy,
‘ Give as I have given to you ’ ?

“ Yes; the sorrow and the suffering
Which on every hand we see
Channels are for tithes and offerings
Due by solemn right to Thee;
Right of which we may not rob Thee;
Debt we may not choose but pay,
Lest that Face of love and pity
Turn from us another day.”

THE GUAVA.

MOST certainly a bookful could be written, not of the beauty only, but of the uses as well, of the trees found in the Hawaiian Islands.

There is the sweet guava and the sour (very acid). The yellow fruit is, in shape, like a large lemon, firm pulp and full of bony seeds. The fragrance is most delightful, and peculiar to itself; like that of the pineapple, the strawberry, or the earliest green apples—never to be confounded with any other odor! The natives bring them, from the valleys, in the early morning, and a peck can be bought for half a dollar (*hapalua*). Jelly is made from them, in almost every family.

It is easy to make, and will not spoil. However, it is not so rich, nor so firm as the West India. Possibly, the guavas are not so choice, or there is a “trick” in the making which the Hawaiians lack. It is said that in the West Indies the natives boil the fruit in the woods; that their recipe has come down to them, as a tradition, and that they would not sell it for money, nor give it away for love!

With the English, it seems to be a law, as binding as that of the Medes and Persians, that cooked fruit,

in one form or another (jelly, jam, marmalade, preserves or sauce) shall be eaten with pudding—not so bad a law! So when the boys of Iolani College, Honolulu, were asked what they liked best, of all the dessert offered to them, day by day—pastry, biscuit and cheese, bananas, sago and apple sauce, tapioca and peach, rice and guava—"Rice and guava!" was the shout, without a dissenting voice.

The rice is of good quality, grown on the Islands, and when cooked to be soft, dry and whole, white as a snow-drift, and fortified with a dish of guava of delicate pink color, each slice perfect, and swimming in juice as clear as crystal, you will not wonder that boys (and they are capital judges and critics) would bid and even "bet" on it! "Rice and guava, you bet!" At Iolani the boys are encouraged to talk at meal-times; but, in subdued tones in the morning, and quietly at dinner-time, so as not to over-talk the Bishop, who, as a rule, dines with any guests in the Hall.

But at supper the head-master permits a general letting-up (or down), when there is much fun, hilarity and general good fellowship. Nor this alone; they learn a great deal at the table from one another.

Boys like to tell an ignorant neighbor how to spell a word or name a river, or give to him a bit of school gossip which he has been too unfortunate to hear! In the "waits," too, at table, they will invent games, often quite ingenious. "The game of seven." Each boy at one long table would "guess" what the dessert

would be, for the next day; and they would keep their tally, and, if keen, keep their neighbor's, too! When any boy had guessed right seven times, the game was his, and the trophy, whatever was agreed upon. Another, was to name something in the Hall, of which the first letter was given. And it was curious to note the ingenuity to keep it up. "Wrinkle," on the table-cloth, "crack" in the wall! Trust a boy for amusing himself?

The boys, little and big—from Euclid to alphabet—came to know, in the course of time, that, with the Bishop, "Let your moderation be known unto all men," meant "little men" as well. For they had always *finished* their pudding before he had decided what to do about eating his! But of this they heartily approved, for the bell must be rung for school, directly the dining-hall was cleared!

The natives are very fond of music. The boys attend chapel for matins and for evensong daily. They do the singing, and on Sundays, at the cathedral, all whose voices will permit must be in the choir, and very proud they are to sing.

One little brownie was a marvel in the way of singing. His second teeth were not cut—not on the way, even, that could be seen. He was a half-caste—father English—mother a native. A little dot, of a black-eyed, curly-headed, small-handed, tiny-footed boy. But what a voice in that pipestem of a throat! The head-master said he had never heard such a voice, and I doubt if any one else had.

He would sing "John Brown," and "Yankee Doodle" with much gusto, on the play-ground, whenever the spirit moved him, and that was pretty often! He was often invited, by the Seniors, who were intent on baseball just then, to "shut up"!

"Ka Lani, you stop your noise."

One hymn he liked so much, it was called his own.

"Now, Ka Lani, sing *your* hymn." The natives are very wide awake to any form of ridicule, and even where they can speak but little English, will detect at once, any banter or chaffing one may choose to offer. He would fix his eyes on the listeners, and burst out with, "Oft in danger, oft in woe"—watching closely to see if approval and delight was in their faces, and if he detected anything like a laugh at his expense, he would rub his little bare feet on the floor, and in his cheeks one could see the rose through all the brown!

The evening "preparation" was until half-past eight; the Juniors went to the dormitory earlier. The school-building is in a large paddock—about an eighth of a mile distant—and with very fine verandas.

This little fellow, who was a great pet, would often coax; "*Me* go look stars—go look stars." I regret to say that in the morning he would be just as eager to "go look black pigs."

He was not, altogether, a "good" boy, but had as much of mischief and fun in him as the average white boy. Hearing a great "war of words" one day,

in which his voice seemed too prominent, I went out as far as the Chapel, where I saw one of the big boys on top, painting. It was work-hour. This little mite had come along with his "pick-up" tin—a five-gallon kerosene can, with a piece of rope strung across it for a handle. He had set it down, and stood there in his little bare feet, with trousers rolled up above his knees, his shirt tucked inside, and his little old battered-up felt hat on the back of his head (for it was very warm) looking up to see how the painting was going—for he had an interest in that Chapel! "Here, Chip," said the Giant, "don't be looking up here—just go on with your work!" He opened his mouth for a minute, drew in his breath, pulled himself together without more ado—gave his little pants a hitch, and then, came in the shout from that pigmy, to the very top of the Cross, "You jus' shut up yer *head*—yer ain't my boss—never *was*—I stan' 'ere's long as I *like*!" "If you don't go to work pretty quick, Chippy," calmly spake the Giant, "you'll see me down there."

"Well, you come *down*, then. I ain't 'fraid you, I guess, if you *are* big." Just then he saw the Giant putting one foot on the ladder, when he grabbed up his tin, and graduated from there to the veranda, diving under the fence and losing his hat!

"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water around you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully drest.

- “ The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of hills.
- “ You, friendly earth! How far do you go
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?
- “ Ah! you are so great and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, world, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say:
You are more than the earth, though you are such a dot;
You can love and think, and the earth can not.”

When a new boy came to the Bishop's, he brought all his “boy's traps” with him, such as taro-patch fiddle, bats and balls, kites, etc. A big fellow of a native came up one night, and with him, to the astonishment and delight of all, with the exception, I may say, of the head-master and a few others! the largest kind of an accordeon (misnomer).

Before “Chapel,” in the morning, that music was to be heard, on the verandas of the dormitories—for a brief spell; at noon, it again struggled in the air; and it was heard in the recreation hours, and in the twilight!

The head-master who has had twenty-five years' experience in teaching English boys, thought best not to notice it at all and let him play it out—and he knew he would; that it would in time die a natural death; the boys themselves would weary of it and so

"kill" it, as they express it, and there would be no nagging and no hard feelings.

And so it was it became silent—and was never heard again! A drum—Christmas present!—went down also to an early grave! But of baseball the boys never tire, and the ground used for that game is large, and the "teams" always going.

The Bishop is a tremendous worker, up early and down late, reading prayer in the Chapel at 6:30 in the morning, and at midnight with his lantern going the rounds of the dormitories, to see if "all is well"—his last benediction before going to sleep himself. He has a great fund of dry humor quiet and grave as he ever is. It is a notable fact that the men who enjoy humor most are uniformly men of deep seriousness of nature. A little fun now and then is relished by the wisest men.

I asked him one day why he did not write a book of his experience on the Islands—it would be a fortune. "A misfortune, you mean."

Speaking of an English bishop, with reference to laundry-work, I remarked I did not know a Bishop was obliged to think of such matters. Mrs. Willis remarked, "I suppose his wife must." But the Bishop retorted quickly, "No, not when he has a 'See' [sea] behind him."

On Sunday nights at half-past eight a light supper was always served by Mrs. Willis herself, in the daintily appointed parlor, for the entire household; and it would be impossible to find a more kindly and genial host than his Lordship at such times.

And now I come to that in Hawaii's history which provokes no love, namely: Centipedes and scorpions. In my *wonder* and in my *why* that they are *what* they are—and to what purpose, I can only say with *Portia*, God made them, and therefore let them pass for insects. God made the butterfly and the honey-bee; he made, too, let us not forget, these dreadful creatures.

"And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good."

They are plentiful on the islands, and while their sting is very painful it is not fatal.

Moral or physical cowardice never seemed to me a virtue worthy of all commendation until I was an eyewitness to it in the centipede, and learned that at the least sound of the human foot it would run, and run like a dart (seeming to realize that it is one of a very bad crew, and will be killed if captured), its mail-like armor rattling along!

I could but laugh aloud with glee in thinking of my one more fortunate escape, and sing with joy, out of the abundance of my heart, "Shoo fly, don't bother me!" I killed, with pleasure, *several* scorpions (there should be a reward offered for so doing), but I let my friend, the native boy, undertake the centipedes!

So far as good looks are concerned, there is very little to be said in favor of either of these villains. But, at the same time, there is more moral beauty in the co-hated centipede—I mean to say I was not able to discern in him during my stay a tithe of the *despicable* nature of the scorpion. It cannot be said that

there is anything mean-looking about him, at all rates, for he is made out of whole cloth, and plenty of it.

I carefully examined one caught alive and brought to me in a bottle. It was a fine specimen, eight inches long, and for a part of its length over an inch broad. A perfect coat of mail of ugly, dull brown, strongly made and riveted, joint over joint, and plate overlapping plate, covered its body; two strong devil's (curved) horns on its head with which to plunge its venomous fluid into human flesh, if getting in its path, and twenty-one pair of wretched, web-like looking feet! Centipede—but not hundred-footed, after all. When I had looked at him, and spoken with him, to my heart's content, I most earnestly wished that I might never see his like again—ugh! On the contrary, the scorpion is a stingy-looking patched up affair, of no definite color—soft-shelled body; and with nothing generous about it, but its too-long, narrow, jointed tail—and its *sting!* which it carries in its sixth and last joint. Malicious, cunning and cowardly (in the the worse sense of the term), stealing stealthily upon you, with no noise, no warning, and often bringing a mate along with him! I recollect well a boy unconcernedly resting his hand upon the window-sill, and one of these creatures slowly sidling down to thrust in the dart, when the class, as one boy, shouted: "Scorpion! scorpion!" The natives even hate *them*, and it's a "bad lot," indeed, when *they* will hate! And the very *names!* "Centipede," is not unpleasant, unmusi-

cal ; and, by the way, it is solemnly declared by many that the centipede sings! "Scorpion"—sharp, burning, stinging to the ear! What's in a name? A great deal, very often!

Whether it was that these *uncanny* folk did not wish to get my ill-will—did not want me to say anything *bad* about them in my own country—call any hard names, etc.; or, on account of my big bump of caution (for I was always *speering* about for them), that I did not receive a single sting, from them, during my long sojourn of years. I *dinna ken*! Nor do I care to ken! I will write no *aloha* for "the likes of them."

I cannot describe the snakes in Hawaii, for I did not see one, neither did I meet with any one who had; but the native boys tell me there are some on the Island of Hawaii, and I know it must be so.

It is said that in Italy the horse will rear if he sees a tarantula before him in the road. At the Islands a woman will *scream* on first seeing the spider. They are very large, many of them simply enormous. But when new-comers learn that they are entirely harmless, and will not hurt you, even should they walk over you—that they are powerful allies in helping to deplete the detested cockroaches, they soon lose all fear of them. Don't kill a spider. Long live Hawaii's friends! *Aloha nui*!

I noticed one day quite a big one on the wall of my room; he was like a most exquisite bit done in fresco; his body was nearly as large as a small teacup, and his legs described a circle equal to that of the rim of

the saucer. Oh, it was a fine specimen of the kitchen fiend's arch-enemy. My readers may fancy, possibly, that this is a Hawaiian yarn spun from the cobweb. Not at all.

The Fish Market at Honolulu, near the wharves, is a point of great interest on Saturday afternoons. The natives, men, women, and children, come in to town on horseback, from all the outlying valleys round about, and in gay, holiday attire, bright, flaming *holokus* (dress), red and yellow silk handkerchiefs around the neck, and men, as well as women, with garlands of flowers on neck and hat and horse! All are great and reckless riders. You will hear the jingling of spurs, the rapid thud of the horses' hoofs—the shouting of "Aloha" as they dash by you, down the Pali road, and you will recollect it is high-carnival day! They come in not only to buy fish—of which they are very fond—often eating it raw—but to meet and greet their friends, as well. They carry off their bunches of fish neatly tied up in the fresh leaves of the *taro*, a member of the *calla* family.

The market is a favorite rendezvous for them. The meeting is a "treat"—not precisely a "feast of reason," nor a "flow of soul," but as they are a very affectionate and demonstrative race, there is a good deal of hugging and kissing, laughing and crying, all in a breath.

One comes to know in time that they are very emotional, and that their feelings do not often run too deep. It is with them, "off with the old love,

and on with the new," just when the fancy moves! They are as light-hearted as the negro, fond of music, fond of laughter, fond of flowers, fond of their national dish—"pig and poi," and fond of their country—Hawaii! At this market may often be heard a noisy political harangue, for it is a great place—this little capital city—for "tempests in a teapot"—or sugar-bowl! Once or twice they have proved quite sharp, and even fatal, to more than one.

Leaving the market behind, and going north, up Nuuana street, which is one of the two streets running in that direction—Honolulu is very small, you know—and straight to the wonderful Pali, or precipice, you will find you are, for a few minutes, in a veritable Chinese, and a Portuguese, town of one-story, weather-beaten, thin and ramshackley-looking houses, shops, wretched restaurants, dirty-looking cobblers' places—curiosity-rooms, etc. A narrow, unpaved street, with not two good wooden sidewalks where two can walk abreast, you will here see. But, if you will persevere, after about half a mile of such, you will emerge into a clearer, sweeter atmosphere, and come into an avenue, of the same name as the street, wide, fresh and beautiful, lined with magnificent palms—Pride of India, etc.,—lovely gardens and homes.

You will see in the distance, Mt. Tantalus and other peaks, two thousand feet high, with the sweetest of valleys between—and just before this road begins to grow narrower and steeper, you will turn off, may be,

if you are an "Iolani," into Bishop's Lane—just one mile and a half from the middle of the town.

But should you continue up the hill, you will very soon view, on your right hand, and on the left also, the large and beautiful grounds of "Nuuanu Cemetery." Just beyond this, the Royal Mausoleum—the tomb of the Kamehamehas—of King Kalakaua I., of Princesses Ruth and Likelike (Mrs. Cleghorn, sister of the late king, and mother of Princess Kaiulani, heir-apparent to the throne)—of "the good Queen Emma," who was consort of Kamehameha IV., the king who translated the English Prayer-Book into Hawaiian for his people, and Mrs. Bishop (chiefess), the last of the Kamehamehas. Now, in five miles, you can be at the Pali, about fifteen hundred feet above sea level. It is a carriage-road, after a fashion, but from about here continues to grow narrower, more steep, rugged and hard as you near the precipice. No tourist would wish to miss this scene—to miss seeing one of the most magnificent stretches of land and sea, with coloring that he could not dream of, we fancy, lying far away below him, that this world has to offer.

From this road you can wind around Oahu, on horseback, if you choose.

The Pali, too, is not without its "strange, eventful history." It was here that Kamehameha I. conquered the chief of Oahu, and thus formed the islands into one kingdom. The battle took place in the spring of 1795, and the people of Oahu fought with great bravery. Many were killed by being driven over the

precipice. Bones can still be found there, if one has an *aloha* for such grave relics and mortal curios. "Many men, many minds." For myself, I would prefer some of the feathers of their helmets, or a bit of the chief's spear, who fought well, but was defeated! My sympathy is never for the victorious—the crowned in any kind of warfare, but for the ones who are "left." Beg your pardon, my dear reader. "This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester." "Alas! poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed, I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? Your gambols? Your songs? Your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?"

"Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher."

" There is a precipice,
That seems a fragment of some mighty wall,
Built by the hand that fashioned the old world,
To separate its nations, and thrown down
When the flood drowned them. To the north, a path
Conducts you up the narrow battlement.
Steep is the western side, shaggy and wild
With mossy trees, and pinnacles of flint,
And many a hanging crag, But, to the east,
Sheer to the vale, go down the bare old cliffs,—
Huge pillars, that, in middle heaven, upbear
Their weather-beaten capitals, here dark
With the thick moss of centuries, and there
Of chalky whiteness, where the thunderbolt
Has splintered them. It is a fearful thing

To stand upon the beetling verge, and see
Where storm and lightning, from that huge gray wall,
Have tumbled down vast blocks, and, at the base,
Dashed them in fragments; and to lay thine ear
Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
Of winds, that struggle with the woods below,
Come up like ocean murmurs. But the scene
Is lovely round. A beautiful river there
Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
The paradise He made unto himself,
Mining the soil for ages. On each side
The fields swell upward to the hills; beyond,
Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise
The mighty columns with which earth props heaven."

CHRISTMAS IN HAWAII.

“ While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

“ ‘ Fear not,’ said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
‘ Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

“ ‘ To you in David’s town this day
Is born of David’s line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign :

“ ‘ The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.’

“ Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song :

“ ‘ All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace ;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.’ ”

DO they keep Christmas in Hawaii? Do they trim the Church, and sing carols, and all that? Bless me! you, almost take away my breath, coming

upon me with your rush of cold north-wind catechism! Kindly recollect, I am used to a "warm belt" every hour in the three hundred and odd days of a year, and can't stand such a shock!

Do they keep Christmas in Hawaii? Well, I should think so! You cannot even *fancy* with what heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, and earnestness, they keep the glorious high-day and festival! On entering the Cathedral Christmas Eve, you will *not* be reminded by the invigorating and delightful fragrance of fir and spruce, of box and hemlock, of the mountain-sides and the pine forests, but you will see it filled with rare tropical exotics—the most delicate ferns, in "*leis*,"—chains, ropes, garlands, small enough for a lady's neck, or large around as your arm; in pots, in groups, in bunches, magnificent leaves of the royal palm, cocoanut, and banana; and woven in and out, flowers of richest dye and color—and oh, "*maile*!" May I never be forgiven by any native if I forget *thee*, thou queen of rarest sweetness!

Many of the ferns, and the *maile*, are brought from far up in the valleys; and it is a labor of love—real work, to get them. No foreigner knows how to weave and plait anything at all in such perfection as the native. They are masters of the art, and no mean one it is!

A little native boy will sit contentedly down if only he can get an armful of ferns, a bit of *maile* and a few red or yellow blossoms (oh, then is he too perfectly happy!). He will start a garland, and holding it be-

tween his toes he will weave it so rapidly that in a few minutes he will hold up, for your admiration, a yard in length with not a straggler in the whole line. "Is it good?" he will ask, and when you exclaim with delight, he will laugh and show you all his white teeth; and they are *very* white because his skin is very *brown*—white by contrast!

When the "Good Queen Emma" went to England, lodging in some castle or palace, she awoke the first morning of her stay there, to the fragrance of new-mown hay, on the lawn or terrace. "Oh, *maile, maile!*" she exclaimed with joy to her attendant—but *maile* has *branches* and *leaves*!

It was always her majesty's delight to trim the rood-screen. "Sisters" undertake the altar, matrons the pulpit, and young girls the font. The windows are outlined with palms, the recesses filled in with masses of flowers and ferns, *leis* (garlands) are hung from pillar to pillar, and the air is filled with the soft, delicious, lulling, dreamy odor, known only to islands in mid-ocean. But, mark! Even before the Christmas bells have ceased their chiming, or the voices of the boys have died on your ears—days before "Twelfth Night" is come, all this must be pulled down and swept out! The flowers and ferns are quickly gone—the palms, even, are drooping, and "decay" is written on every smallest leaf.

"The night before Christmas" you will hear band-music and singing, and the natives with their taropatch fiddles, all through and over the town of Hono-

lulu, far up into the outlying valleys, and down to the beach! Children with their trumpets, bells and whistles, their dolls and rocking-horses, are out at and before the break of day!

At a Sunday-school mass meeting held in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, just before Christmas, and where were gathered together hundreds of happy little faces, Bishop Nichols, in addressing them, said he was sure there was one thing that every little girl and boy who was present knew, and that was that *Christmas was coming*; and he did not doubt that some of them had already written letters and put them up the chimney, telling Santa Claus just what they wanted him *not to forget* to bring them! He said Santa Claus had a very mysterious and unearthly way of getting over all the tall buildings; he did not understand it; he was quite sure that *bishops* could not do it!

At the Sandwich Islands everything is made very easy for "His Majesty," for very few of the houses are of more than one story, and there are no chimneys, and no fire-places, "excepting," as Paddy would say, "in the cook-house, and that is a stove-pipe and a range!" Santa Claus can put all the large presents quietly on the fine, wide verandas, and fill the stockings hanging at the Venetian-blind doors! And he always does that, for he has no end of good sense and knowledge as well; and he knew, ages ago, that all the dear children in the world did not live at the top of the North Pole, where all the snow and ice is made,

and where his home is—a beautiful white castle that never melts, even when once in a great while the sun shines!—where all the beds are made of snow, that always keeps white and fluffy—and the chairs, and tables, and pianos look like crystal, with big icicles for legs; and when Santa Claus is at home in the evening, after Christmas is past, and it is lighted for him, to take a little rest, you know, it looks like a big diamond, with all the colors of a splendid rainbow—just like those seen spanning the sky night and morning, during the rainy season on the Sandwich Islands! Ah! I tell you, “little folks,” Santa Claus’ ice palace, and all that region of cold country round about, that you learn of in your geography, is much fairer than even fairest fairy-land! However, as I said, Santa Claus knows *very well* that *all* the children do not live at his home—nor in New York and San Francisco, put together. And so he must hang up his big fur coat for an hour or two, when he comes where it is too warm, for he never forgets to come, even one year!

But *I forgot* to tell *you* of the very tall chimneys—oh! as tall as a church-steeple—at the sugar-mills, on the plantations. The cane is ground, you know, and the juice is boiled. The man who tends this part of the work is called the “sugar boiler,” and a very clever man he must be, and watchful and careful, as well, for, if a “boiling” is spoiled, much sugar and money are lost.

As this man is so good as to make the sugar (and very hard, hot work it is), so that the children can

have candy of all kinds (for Christmas, especially), I do hope that Santa Claus will try to get down even *this* very high chimney, and leave some of his best presents. But I hope, too, that he will recollect that anything made of ice or snow, however refreshing it might seem in that hot mill, would melt, and even turn into steam, in half a minute, and puff out of the open doors and windows, right up into the sky, and become a cloud, and sail off towards the sea! Then the poor sugar-boiler would not be a bit happier for *such* a Christmas gift! And, again, all through the winter—the rainy season—particularly in December, there are plenty of clouds, and they do not need any more—not even one! But Santa Claus is very wise, and I am quite sure he will know just what to take to the sugar-boiler to give him joy!

There are no hay-fields in Hawaii; but immense tracts of cane, you may be sure—thousands of acres of it, rice swamps, taro-patches and sweet-potato fields. There are also “vegetable gardens” belonging to the Chinese; and there is rich and endless pasturage for the herds of wild cattle which supply beef to the merchant vessels, whalers and others. Time was when at Lahaina, on Maui, the former capital, as well as at Honolulu, fleets of whaling vessels, a hundred and fifty at a time, lay in port, discharging their cargoes and receiving supplies. Lahaina is to-day almost a “deserted village,” and the vessels seek other and more convenient ports. “Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity.”

The "Good Queen Emma," of whom I write, was the patron of the Anglican Church in Hawaii. She was most lovely and amiable in her nature. I once attended a meeting of a society where "rich and poor meet together," and of which she happened, at the time, to be president. We were told that, should her Majesty arrive, she must have the chair, the only decent one in the room, for we were sitting on "forms," or benches. She came in due time, and was offered the chair! "No," said she, laughingly, "I am going to sit just here, by Miss Prescott." I had never met the lady, and there was no one present at the time to make us acquainted, but it seemed she had the royal gift of "calling names."

I protested, saying, "You will not really be so comfortable on the hard bench, with no back to it." (The English, I must say, seem to have the faculty of doing penance, and making themselves uncomfortable often, even where there is nothing to be gained by it!) "And, further, your Majesty, permit me to say, I am not used to having royalty near to me in my 'ain countree'!" "Ah! my dear! am I so very formidable?" she rejoined—thus making me at home by her winning manners and true Christian courtesy. *Un bienfait n'est jamais perdu.*

So you will learn that the Hawaiians are not possessed of nor do not cultivate the extreme reserve of the English nation. And this calls to my mind a caricature. An Oxford student is represented as standing on the brink of a river, greatly agitated at

the sight of a drowning man before him, and crying out, "O that I had been *introduced* to this gentleman, that I might save his life! "

ALOHA NUI!

" The time draws near the birth of Christ ;
The moon is hid, the night is still ;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

" A single peal of bells below,
That wakens at this hour of rest
A single murmur in the breast,
That these are not the bells I know.

" Like strangers' voices, here they sound,
In lands where not a memory strays ;
The landmark breathes of other days,
But all is new, unhallowed ground."

" Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light ;
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

" Ring out the old, ring in the new ;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

" Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor ;
Ring in redress for all mankind.

" Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

- " Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.
- " Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right ;
Ring in the common love of good.
- " Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old ;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
- " Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land ;
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

THE SUGAR-BOILER'S VISION.

“ Three fishers went sailing away to the west,
Away to the west as the sun went down ;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town ;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor-bar be moaning.

“ Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor-bar be moaning.

“ Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down.
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come home to the town ;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep ;
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.”

I.

IT is a straight, brawny, Saxon-eyed, Saxon-haired
six-footer, standing there at his mother's door,
stamping the snow from his feet, and fastening his
brown mare “Speed” to the tall, out-branching, snow-
laden apple-tree, planted by his father the day that he

was born. You can see the thrifty tree that it is, and you can see my hero and hear him singing, humming and whistling all in a breath, over and over again, the refrain from that sweet old love-song of the sea, "A sailor's wife, a sailor's star shall be." The blood is coursing, fast and strong, through all the veins and arteries of my handsome youth, hanging out its banners of health in the fair white skin and red cheek, and in the perfect clearness of the eye as well—the blue eye which betokens wealth of mind, strength of purpose and the will to accomplish!

And so, I say, he looked young, to be sure, but with a mind and a will that man nor the devil could not, nor would not shake nor bend! Ah, but he was a brave and handsome fellow, believe, as he stood there, in the brilliant sunshine of that snow-covered country of New England's eastern shore. He had a big sorrow in his heart, sing as loud as he may, bright, fair and full of life as he certainly was—his first, great and terrible grief! Was not his darling father's ship wrecked, in sight of home, one year ago, and not one spared to ease the story to his mother's ear, or bring one message of adieu to worshiped wife and boy! That dreadful eastern shore in winter and spring that "gathers them in—yes, gathers them in!" God help the poor fishermen's wives and bairns!

"For men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep
And the harbor-bar be moaning."

The sailor's eyes and thoughts go far out and over

the ocean this morning, and he believes now, if his mother will but spare him for a few months, or a year or two at most, he will go one seeking voyage; and with him, in his mind, shall go the stories told him by his father, on watch, in nights at sea. Of the warm and beautiful islands in the middle Pacific, where he when young had touched for stores before going to the far North for whale. Of a land so rich in sunshine and shadow—of peace and perfect beauty—of palm, of pomegranate, of laden trees of richest golden fruit, mango, banana, guava, orange, tamarind, of flowering tree and shrub and bush, of clear white moonlight nights—a land where he could have wished to live and die, but for the dear girl of his heart, his “blue-eyed Mary,” who was born and bred on the far-off eastern shore, and whose heart would cling, he feared, to her childhood’s home. Ah, the cruel shore! What did it, in the end, bring to her but heart-wreck and death!

The world may all be wrong, but never shall that which we find within ourselves have power to charm! And so, my Saxon boy did not care for, could not love the old merchant’s pretty, *fair-haired Jeannie*—but must needs sue and beg and tease for *Alice*, poor, one-eyed sailor Jim’s *dark-eyed*, merry-hearted little lassie!

Now, he would have his will and way (a will it was, determined and almost fierce) about that one voyage of discovery! And mother nor love must not thwart him there! He would make the venture in his own pretty clipper ship, and Alice must consent to be both

son and daughter to his mother until he came back to keep their wedding feast and festival in the little "Church of St. John," where he and she were christened when babies "Alice" and "John"; where, before he went voyages with his father, he had sung as chorister boy from the time he could read. Now, his clear tenor voice would ring out in the chants and hymns of the Church's grand old liturgy.

The little girl's heart was very sad in thinking of the long time of separation and of the mother's new grief, at thought of her comfort and her stay thousands of miles away and alone upon the sea.

Yes, alone in his cabin, but for one trusty mate.

"For men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor-bar be moaning."

And now Christmas is passed, the pretty betrothal ring is on the finger, the last kiss is given to mother and sweetheart, and the strong, white-winged bird, "The Success," puts out to sea! May God be with him, my good, brave-hearted boy! is the mother's prayer.

II.

Here is my strong, broad-shouldered sailor—anchored after a fifteen months' cruise. Yes, anchored fast and sure, at these sugar-producing islands—Hawaii.

He has found the fair paradise of which he dreamed he has sold his tidy little ship, put the money into

cane—invested in the Kapioanelani plantation. But the rains did not come this year for this district! The irrigation is defective! There are no dividends for him at present! Time may mend matters.

He will not fret, he says; he has youth and health, and if he loses that which his father earned, he will redeem it every dollar, or die in the attempt. And so I find him here to-night, resting his tired head upon his arms in the old sugar-mill, for he is chief sugar-boiler of the Nakaona plantation, which is an old and safe one, and has for many years brought in fabulous sums of money to its owners—tons upon tons of sweetest sugar.

The head-manager, a shrewd, wise, good-hearted man, well into the fifties, has had his ups and downs—his taste of the sea, his youth on the eastern shore as well—his home beloved, his wreck—his dead! He determines that the sailor captain shall have the vacant post which always commands a high salary on a well-to-do plantation. It is a difficult work; by night and by day, unceasing vigilance, skill and patience. Long hours' watch by night—hot hours' work by day! No money must be lost, no sugar go to waste for want of eyes or wakefulness!

But this is Christmas eve again, and two long years have passed since he sailed off so confident and full of hope—so sure of home and gain in a twelve-month! "Never mind!" he says again, he will work for one year more here, and then he will go back to the snows and storms of his eastern shore! Back to home and

love! Back to his father's life, the fishing craft! If needs must—to shipwreck and drowning, but surely back to love and home! One year longer (no more, he says) of heat, fire and steam—of sugar which is not sweet to the taste, nor honey in the mouth—another year of hardest, unwearying toil, and he will be gone! And as he lies there for just a few minutes, thinking of the dear old home, the pretty church all trimmed and lighted to-night, the carols, the snowballing, the happy Christmas cheer, his heart is very sore, and bitter thoughts will enter his mind, and he could almost curse the day when he sold his birthright, his staunch little vessel, for shares in a sugar plantation, and found himself slowly but surely losing his splendid health and courage in a sugar-mill! “All is not gold that glitters,” neither is there wealth always in a plantation!

Ah! my bonnie Blue-eyes is gone (sad to say, for *what* will become of the “boiling”?) to “Dorimo Hill.” Hush! he is sound asleep! sound asleep, this Christmas eve, in the old mill, and sugar is forgotten by him!

But, listen to the heavenly music! An angel is entering the dusty mill to-night, to do his weary work! Softly she wafts about, a being of light and beauty. White as the snow on his own hills at home are her garments, a rainbow-glory about her head—her hands upon the harp! Gently she draws the old curtain, to shut the moonlight from his brow and head, fanning him slowly with her wings the while when he grows

restless, yet playing on and on that he may dream to-night to God's own music!

"Are they not all ministering angels sent to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?"

And thick and fast the visions from the skies are forming one after another in his over-taxed and weary brain. For the yield of sugar on this place this season is enormous, and boiling must not cease for him to rest! Ah, no!

"For men must work, and women must weep,
And the harbor-bar be moaning."

He dreams of talking with his father again, a boy on the ship; of their suppers in the little cabin; of the rainy nights on deck, when they watch together for the "Light" near home.

And then he dreams of his Alice, as a little girl, pelting him with snowballs on the way home from school; and her merry laughter, when she sent his little cap a-flying; of the big snow man they built up together, a wonder to themselves!

And his dream rambles on, until he is back again to the sugar-cane, and looking off to the hills which skirt Kauai, he sees that they have changed to look like immense pyramids of whitest crystal sugar; that the houses, going up here and there, are being cut from it—that, as far as his eyes can reach or discern, there is chimney after chimney, tall as a church spire, and mills where sugar is boiling!—that all Nature seems turning to sugar, and that mankind, at least in Hawaiï, is fast going sugar-mad!

And when he questions the quiet and thoughtful manager, who has always been his kind and helpful friend and adviser, he tells him *it is quite true* that the process has been going on, surely but noiselessly, for many months, but that he, being wrapped up in his engrossing mill work and his dreams of home, had failed to detect the change! Dreams are made of such strange, unreasonable stuff, that it did not seem to him at all unnatural that the whole universe should turn to sugar! But the angel was still there, playing her sweetest, lulling strains, "for they know no rest." And now he sees in the sky, baby, cherub faces, with black eyes, and blue and brown; with sweet, smiling mouths and softest curly hair; they are advancing in troops, and in twos and threes and singly, with bright stars in their foreheads, with tiny trumpets and harps, and pipes and viols in their hands, all playing, boys and girls, their eyes dancing to the music!

Now and again he can catch the sound of childish voices. They are coming closer, head after head, peering into the mill from every window, and crowding the doorways.

He now sees larger forms and older faces; into the mill they come, close up to the "boiling." All at once there is no longer a roof; it is lifted, and the whole sky is full of these angelic beings, host upon host! The sides are gone! and he is far out on an open plain, where there are flocks of sheep with their shepherds, all looking up into the sky, listening to the

angel song—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." He awoke—the angel was gone—the music had ceased — *the sugar was done!* It was to be his last Christmas on Hawaii!

III.

The holidays are past, the rainy season at the Islands is well over; indeed, midsummer is almost upon them.

The work at the mill, the heat of the climate to one not yet well used to it, have drawn largely upon the strength and courage of the sugar-boiler. The color is gone from his cheeks, his face is pallid, and the old energy of manner, the merry whistle and cheery laugh are not now intimate companions. Time, disappointment, toil, lack of sleep, home-sickness—these, one and all together, are accomplishing a sad result!

As it draws near to the time when in New England all nature puts on her richest tapestry dyes of golden browns, and hundred tints and shades of red and yellow in maple and in sumach, he begins to hear rumors of "Kapioanelani," that the season promises great things for the new plantation—an unheard-of yield. It is now confirmed and settled that it will, doubtless, pay large dividends in the future. The irrigation is complete and perfect, the shares have risen to such a height he can hardly ask too much and not find a purchaser!

The captain's money, his shares bought from the sale of his ship at Honolulu, have increased in value

a hundredfold ! He is rich enough, now, surely. He will retain one-third only of his interest for his dear mother during her lifetime, he tells himself; the rest shall be sold at once to the highest bidder. He will make a rapid tour of the four more important islands; go around Kauai, his present home; see Oahu again, and from there to Maui and to Hawaii, the largest of the group—giving its name to the kingdom—"The Kingdom of Hawaii." He will see the different plantations, the wonderful volcanoes, the magnificent valleys of Iao and Hanalei. He will gather native curios, and rare presents of Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese and English make, native handiwork in curiously woven mat, fan, hat, etc.; necklaces of tiny shells and beads, of carved kukui nuts; walking sticks of rare woods, calabashes, with covers and without—one carved with the view of a grass hut on the shore, coconut trees, and a ship in the distance; cups, lava, "Pele's hair" (Pele is goddess of the volcano, and her hair is the fine-spun lava), *leis* of feathers, and the rest.

By the latter part of the harvest month his plans are all perfected, his interest is sold in Kapioanelani, he has bid good-bye to friends (for he is one to make many), shaken hands for the last time with the dear manager, his best, true friend, and made him promise to be with him in his new home on the very next Fourth of July.

He counts the hours, so earnest and eager is he to be free and off to sea once again; so sudden the

change from weariness and toil and heat to thoughts of rest and home, that all is joy and music in his heart! The blood is once more working rapidly in his veins, and signs of returning color are in his countenance. There is now a great work before him in his old New England home, and with strength, and means, and unselfish purpose, my sailor-hero shall live to do it all!

“ For men must work and women must weep,
And the harbor-bar be moaning.”

He goes to look at “Kilauea” on the Mauna Loa Mountain, that pot of fire and flame, and he forgets to sleep until he has quit that region of Hawaii! He visits Kohola plantation, and stays over Sunday at the quite prosperous mission, with its very pretty church.

He stays in the “Cave,” at Mauna Haleakala (House of the Sun), on Maui, one night. Here the view is too glorious at morning and at night for my poor pen to make you see! No painter could fix it on his canvas, no lavish wealth of words describe it! Here, a chrysanthemum is found in the crater, “the silver sword,” as big as your head; and here are millions of ferns.

He cannot leave Honolulu until he goes to the wonderful Pali—a precipice five miles from the town, and which is worth a journey from England to see! Neither will he miss going to the top of Punch-bowl, a quiet crater on the east, to get a view of the pretty emerald, bounded by the sea, with its coral reefs, and its waving, star-like crown of cocoanuts.

Aloha, pretty Honolulu !

Last, but not least, by any means, he will go to the Bishop's College. Two exquisite maps were bought—the work of a half-caste, done in ink and water colors. A game of baseball was played by the seniors. On taking leave, a sum of money was placed in the master's hands to give the Iolani's a "treat"—and a half-holiday was begged for them. On leaving Honolulu for home, the following day, two sets of bats and balls were sent to the college. A lot of toys, also, in the shape of tin sailors, ships, boats, Noah's arks, etc., were for the little folk. The two stout, brown horses used in traveling, were also sent up to the college, and an order for three barrels of "No. 1 washed sugar !"

Days before Christmas, with his mother's help, the Captain has studied and ordered plans for building, so soon as the spring shall open and the ground permit: Homes for aged, infirm and disabled seamen; for widows, old and impoverished; and for boys and girls made fatherless by the sea. Over the door of each Home the words "The Success," "Laus Deo."

On Christmas eve the wedding is to be; and for Christmas day all the children of the village are invited to a party and to a "tree"! Rejoicings are arranged for until Twelfth Night, that everybody, old and young, may be able to share. Teas, dinners, sleigh-rides, music, bonfires and skating! An hour before the time of the wedding the bridegroom sends in his choice gifts to his bonny, brown-eyed Alice.

A small bouquet of lilies and maiden's hair fern, tied with a blue ribbon of his own buying; a tiny prayer-book of leather, silver-bound and clasped, and with the inscription, "To my bride, Alice. Faithful and true. Christmas, 1890." An apple-blossom for her hair, fashioned from the pink lining of a rare shell; a brooch of old gold, in fashion of a ship, the sails of silk capable of being furled, and in tiny emeralds the words "The Success"; at its masthead the Hawaiian flag; and lastly, a bracelet of finest workmanship, to be worn on her left arm, with firm, strong padlock, heart-shaped, studded with diamonds and sapphires, and within a portrait of my success, my hero, John! These were the bridal presents from her king, save one, which now stood at the door—a small coupé, lined with leather of old gold, a span of brown mares, and on the door a medallion in bronze, of a ship with sails spread, with "stars and stripes" floating in a brisk wind, and putting out to sea. On her bow can be read, "The Alice."

The bride is ready for church, and her lover goes to meet her to have a word, a look, and a kiss, before starting. She is in a robe and bonnet of softest velvet, white as the snow of to-day, and trimmed with swan's down. On her shoulders is a cape of ermine, lined with blue, the color of her lover's eyes; her gloves and shoes are blue, trimmed, too, with down. In her hair and on her neck and arm are his precious gifts, and in her hand the prayer-book and the lilies.

What did she give to him?

Did you say "A woman cannot keep a secret?" I will keep hers. But, let me whisper in your ear that he told her as they entered the carriage, "That no other gift on earth could have begun to equal it in his eyes, or suited him even half so well."

ALOHA, HAWAII! ALOHA NUI!

THE MANGO.

“**M**ANGO-O-O-O! Please, some mango-o-o!” This cry can be heard from early to late summer, in and about Honolulu, from the native boys, who tramp from place to place, wherever a mango tree can be seen.

As these trees, when full grown, are as large as oaks, it is not difficult to see them! They are so high no one but a *native* can climb them, with immense crowns, and fruit enough to feed an army! When the fruit is ripe, it will drop from its own weight, a large one being “as heavy as a stone.” In color they are of a rich, deep green, with a reddish cheek. The skin is thick and smooth, and can be pulled or stripped off, leaving exposed the deep yellow, golden, juicy fruit, which clings tightly to the large, coarse pit, in color of a squash seed. This fruit is in season for several months, beginning in June—for while some on a tree are ripe, others are but just “coming on,” and there is the new leaf to be seen, and the fruit! It is little used for dessert, as it is a very uncomfortable and awkward fruit to handle. While green it can be made into sauce, and tastes not unlike green apples. When ripe, the proper way to *enjoy mangoes*,

I know, is to take a dozen or more, a *big* bowl of water and a couple of towels; sit down composedly and complacently, with plenty of time at your elbow, and make a business of it. You can take a bite of one, and if you do not fancy the flavor (for no two are the same), you can try another. And when you have tried them all, while you feel that you have made quite a pig of yourself, you will not have over-eaten. They are so juicy, so light, and there is so little food in a single mango. But they are very tempting and delicious! "I'll try one more," is apt to be the thought. They need to be fresh picked; the fruit of to-day is not so desirable to-morrow. The boys can be seen at 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, going in and out, to pick up the fruit that has fallen during the night.

In an ordinary sunshiny shower, and there may be twenty in a day, like to a gauze veil in appearance, you would not care much for an umbrella, for now it rains and now it doesn't; and in five minutes, even, a white dress is perfectly dry! The natives, in a rain, run from tree to tree.

Bananas can be had all the year round, and are about as cheap as anything on these islands; two dozen for five cents! The small, apple-flavored banana is a favorite. I doubt if any are exported. It is almost an insult to offer a banana to a native, so little do they care for them, and the foreigner, in a short time, seeks other and more tempting fruit. Limes are often plentiful and cheap.

Oranges (*Kona*) and alligator pears can always command a good price. The latter are as appetizing as olives. Tamarinds and guavas, again, are very common. The strawberries and melons, together with nearly all the vegetables, excepting cauliflower, celery and Irish potatoes, are raised by the Chinese in great quantities. The best potatoes are from New Zealand. Fresh salmon, poultry, vegetables and fruits are from California, on the arrival of every steamer. Canned, and bottled and sealed food, of all kinds, are imported, together with smoked and dried fish and meats. It is quite easy to keep house in Honolulu; but far harder and more expensive in the outlying districts, or at the other islands. At the same time, all is far more convenient now than a few years since. There are the plantations, the rice swamps, taro patches, Chinese vegetable gardens, pasture for wild cattle; not a farm, a New England farm, for instance, oh! no, but at the Hawaiian Islands, for a surety! "Sugar!" "Sugar!" "Sugar plantation!" is the burden of every human cry, the refrain of every song, in this island kingdom! Yes, Sugar is king indeed in Hawaii, and no one disputes his sway. And money is made in sugar—and sometimes money is lost! There is often a great stretch of country—hill and valley, and pasturage, between the plantations. One can ride for miles over roads and pasturage, and only infrequently past a human habitation. Then it may be a Chinese place, or a native home, here and there; possibly a foreigner's, with a native wife and children.

All Nature will seem as beautiful to you as Paradise—so quiet is it, so peaceful, so warm; the clouds lying low over the hills, the rich valleys, with their hundred shades of green, and the cattle wandering about, with now and then a look at the sea.

The natives are “the soul of hospitality” and kindness—unselfishness, as well. But, unless you went provided, or could eat *poi* (the native food, and it is an acquired taste), there are places on the Island of Hawaii where you might almost starve before you could get away. Particularly if a long rainstorm came on, and the streams and gulleys were overflowed, and roads and gulches a good deal more than ankle deep in mud, bridges broken down and fords unfordable! while the horse you depended upon had suddenly turned lame! Then, if you did not like *poi*, if the very thought of it was distasteful to you, you might learn to eat it, and be perfectly willing to accept the dried fish with it. Should you get benighted anywhere on these islands, and come to a native house of one room, the natives will take their mats and lie outside and give you their “castle.” Maybe, in the morning they will find a little tea or coffee, and, making a fire on the ground, for they have a world of skill, will make you as nice a cup as you ever drank, and so unexpected will it be to you that it will taste like ambrosial nectar! They will, perchance, if you notice, unroll a paper which was tucked away, and give you a clean knife, fork and spoon. “There is much in the native” is a proverb, I repeat! Young taro leaves (*luau*) are as

fine a "green" as spinach or cabbage-sprouts. *Poi* is made from the taro; and taro, boiled or baked, is as good as the best Irish potato, and more strengthening, it is thought. It is very nice sliced, after boiling, and fried or toasted. The bread-fruit, too, is very good—a hole made in the top and filled with salt, over night, then baked or boiled. One is enough for a small family. The mountain apple (*ohia*), of a purplish-red color and pointed end, spongy, white, and filled with sweetest juice, is often found very grateful to the taste in riding. The milk from a fresh cocoanut will restore an over-tired man, and any native will climb a tree, going up sixty feet, if necessary, to get them! These trees are often from forty to sixty feet in height, and bear fruit for seventy years and more!

Some of the best fish is very scarce, for the natives are very fond of fish, and eat it as well as catch it! Mullet is very good, quite plentiful, but never cheap. Beef, without ice, must be cooked the day of its killing. Good mutton is not plentiful in Honolulu.

Many of the natives are Roman Catholics. The splendor of the ritual, the lights, the colors, are pleasing to them, and the music charms them. The priests are unselfish men, and win good-will "and golden opinions from all sorts of people." They live, certainly, in the plainest fashion, and will go by day or night to serve their converts, when sick or dying. There are also many Presbyterians on the Islands, as well as members of the English Church. Kalakaua belonged to the latter, as does the Queen-dowager Kapiolani.

Probably the worst storm I saw in the seven years came, in the summer-time! when it rained in torrents for two days, and heavy thunder and lightning all one night, from every quarter of the heavens, seemingly. It rains in showers, day after day, in the "rainy season," laughing, happy, good-natured, sunshiny showers (just like the natives themselves), and twenty times in a day! You will see it coming down like a thin gauze veil—and the sun is out, of course, and you need hardly trouble to raise your umbrella.

You will see the "rainbow-showers" morning after morning, and night after night. You will awaken to the heavy tramp and thud of rain in the night, coming in pailfuls! And you will see, a few times in the year, the oncoming of the storm-king, "Kona." Like a wild animal from his lair he will advance and retreat, back and fill—back and fill; but when he is at his height, streams will swell to rivers in a few hours, trees will fall, streets and roads will soon be deserted; and, for two or three days in Honolulu, he will not find any one brave enough to meet his eye or combat him! And then there will be a caucus held here and there, and a gathering up of the debris! People will draw a long breath, and business will be resumed. But these storms are seldom. They are beautiful, life-giving and grand! It is not at all uncommon to hear the remark, "I wish we could have a good Kona." For at times the atmosphere becomes tame, monotonous, so to speak.

THE LANTANA.

IT is difficult, often, to distinguish the half-caste from the full native, for they grow darker as they get older, and the foreign blood in them never seems to predominate, but may manifest itself prominently in some traits *foreign* to the full native! All of them possess an unconscious grace, in manner and bearing. The national dress of the native women, and it is much used by the foreigners as well, is the "*holoku*." When cut and shaped with care and taste, and made of fine material—lawn, muslin, silk, even satin—it is as graceful and flowing a tea or breakfast gown as can be fashioned. I have seen one in white that was nothing less than an inspiration—a poem! They are often made with a loose, flowing demi-train, and tight waist in front, or the reverse, tight in the back, with flowing front, trimmed with lace and ribbons. The natives, as a rule, go barefooted. They will wear shoes to church, but, may be, take them off on the way home—always if a rain comes up! The *darkey*, when questioned about taking off his hat in the rain, said, you know, that his hat was his own, but his head was his master's. They are their own masters, and can quickly explain to you in Hawaiian, that "wet feet

will not induce illness, but to walk in wet shoes, or to keep them on, will." But, wet or dry, they hate to put their feet in prison. Oh, they are Nature's loveliest children all through and through, and all the real harm they know has been taught to them, and *brought* to them, I am sure!

They grow crazy over Fourth of July; don't pretend to go indoors for two nights and one day! Singing and music and firecrackers, and all, all three combined, every minute! On Sundays and holidays they come in from the outlying valleys, troops of them, all on their own native horses, women riding "cavalier," dashing over the roads—for they are reckless riders—with their hats and necks, men and women both, decked with *leis* of ferns, flowers and *maile*.

They are barbaric in their choice of colors, and no figure can be too large, nor no red too red for their holokus and neckerchiefs. Their national dish is "pig and *poi*," and on all *state occasions*—births, deaths and marriages, and, indeed, every "great time," the black pig must walk in and die! If they like you very much, they will give you one, always. I had, unfortunately, no place to keep them, or I might have competed with Chicago in the trade. We all know that a black cat is "good luck," but when I got to Hawaii, I found it was the "black pig," and the black cat did not fare any better than the white. It was a shock to my nerves to have my childhood's belief swept away, and I did not take kindly to the black pig. But this I can say, that the perfection of art is used in cooking

one, by the natives! An oven is built in the ground, of stones, and the pig is done up in *ti* leaves, and put in, and the place is filled up. I don't quite know the whole process. I know the result is all that can be desired in the way of a pig *done brown*!

Taro, like the calla, must have moisture and mud. The natives pull it up and sell it by the bunch—four for a quarter (*hapaha*). One, when boiled or baked, would make a meal for three; fine, firm, delicate and tasteless as a good potato; very nutritious, and easily digested. From this the natives make their *poi*, which is a thin porridge, subject to fermentation.

Europeans, as well as Americans and Asiatics, intermarry with the Hawaiians.

On King street, in Palace Square, one of the principal streets of Honolulu, and about ten minutes' walk from the steamer's wharf, and five from the English Church and the *Hawaiian Hotel*, is the Iolani Palace, with its fine grounds. When the Queen is in residence the royal standard is flying. Opposite are the Government Buildings, where the Legislature holds its term. Here, too, is a fine museum, with a multitude of native curios and relics. In the grounds is a statue in bronze of Kamehameha I.

From this point you can drive on to the sea, a distance of four miles, lined with pretty houses the entire road. You will soon pass a native church—*Kawaiahao*—built of coral formation, just beyond the Government Buildings; and the trees will often demand your attention. If it be a moonlight night, you may notice,

if you are watchful, an old coral wall, a couple of miles before you reach the sea, covered, loaded with the night-blooming cereus. The effect is beautiful and artistic at a little distance; but too near, they are coarse, pale, and rank-looking, not like those under fine cultivation.

And this brings to my mind the lantana—man's dreaded foe; as hateful a one, and as hated as the "Canada thistle" of the North. In New England the lantana is found in hot-houses in quite small plants. The bloom is changeable in its color, pinks and yellows intermingled—sometimes white. This rough, strong shrub, with its many interlacing, wire-like branches of toughest, ugliest kind, and its mass, its cloud of color in heads somewhat like the red clover, will, where it once gets a foothold—an inch of ground sowed with its pernicious, deadly seed—not only spread an ell, but acres upon acres; and so rapid and malignant is its growth, like to all other evil things, that it is almost impossible to uproot it. It takes so firm and determined a hold that "all the king's oxen and all the king's men" can hardly manage it. It saps the land, and literally makes a rich man poor! At its worst it attains a height of four or five feet. It must be chopped down and the ground chopped up! It has been suggested that if its millions of lovely laughing blossoms could be used by the chemist, a fine perfume could be made. Very likely. I am sure it could supply a nation. But it would be "high treason" to ask an Islander to buy a bottle—and the man

would be mobbed by the time "Lantana Perfume" was even suggested by him!

In nearly all of the valleys ferns and other plants worthy of the botanist can be collected, and often land shells on the uplands, for which these islands are noted.

Strange to say, some of the wild flowers are very pale, limp, colorless, and odorless. A wild convolvulus is sickly-looking, and as pale as moonlight. You will see it on the sides of the hills, sometimes, but not pretty, at all. It looks very homesick and unhappy.

But most of the climbers and some of the bushes, as well as trees—the *poinciana regia*, for instance, where the pretty, delicate green of the leaves can hardly be seen, for the mass of scarlet—are truly superb, magnificent, in color. Then there is the pink *poinciana regia*, with changeable blossoms, the "Pride of India," with blossom that looks, at a distance, like the apple—and oh, a multitude of others of beauty, in bush and tree. With the greatest varieties of elevation and temperature is a like variety of vegetation. There are said to be about one thousand different species of flowering plants and one hundred and fifty-five ferns. It is said six hundred of all these species are found only on the Islands. However, most all of the fruits and vegetables are not indigenous. The bean, palm, and fern families are the commonest kind of vegetation.

There was one royal palm in Honolulu that whenever I came into its presence—and that was often—I felt as if I ought to bend the knee as to a king—for it

was a very king of trees. It shot straight into the air for about seventy feet, and, so far as my eye could measure, I could not detect that it deflected from the true perpendicular, or varied an inch in its girth until a few feet before it met its magnificent crown.

Our lovely little annuals do not thrive under these trees, and must be sowed and resowed. So, many give them up, and look more to the lilies, roses, geraniums, ferns and the flaming shrubs. To keep up a fine flower garden at the Islands is a world of care, and needs the presence, continually, of a gardener.

Until within a very few years no one thought of locking a door on these Islands. You could make your call at any hour in the day or evening, in your neighbor's parlor; if no one was about, you could rest, entertain yourself, play a tune on the piano, put your card down, and go. And you might go to a number of houses and find all the doors and windows open—certainly never shut. If a native went in and wanted a spool of cotton, or any other trifle, and took it, nobody cared—certainly not the native! And for anybody else—why, everybody knew everybody, and that was the end of it. And outside of Honolulu to-day, there is very little of *the lock and key*.

ALOHA, HAWAII! ALOHA NUI!

“ Shall we venture to say a word in favor of this noxious plant, lantana, which has already overrun so many acres of pasture land, and is now pursuing its conquests with accelerated speed, as if it intended to

take possession of the whole group? Is there nothing to be said by way of compensation for the universal reprobation it has received? Probably it has other merits than that one to which we will call attention, as, for instance, that of making soil by its rapid growth on many a tract of rocks and lava. Our plea on its behalf is this: Does it not deserve some thanks for bestowing on the dull, uninteresting sides of Punchbowl a drapery which, for variety and richness of coloring, surpasses the products of the looms of Persia? If tourist travel is to be one of the resources of the Islands in the future, then whatever can add beauty and attractiveness to the scenery should be welcomed. Compare the drive round the top of Punchbowl, with the lantana in bloom, with what it was when the road was first made. Apart from the magnificent view from the summit and the enjoyment of the cooler air, there was then nothing particularly interesting in the drive itself. But it may be questioned whether anywhere in the world a more gorgeous display of natural covering could be seen than when, after the rains, the lantana suddenly burst into bloom, clothing the sides and carpeting the whole interior of the Bowl with the most brilliant mantle, in which pink and yellow in various shades blended in the same flower, here almost fading into white, there deepening into orange red. Neither an English hillside golden with gorse and broom, nor the woods of Carolina ablaze with azaleas of every conceivable hue, nor the Scottish hills in autumn purpled with the heather, can, in point of

brilliancy or gorgeousness of coloring, compare with the scene that Punchbowl presented in November. Then add the views from the top, not only makai over Honolulu, towards Diamond Head on one side, and the Waianae mountains on the other, but mauka also; in which direction the diversified foliage, that now clothes the once bare sides of Tantalus, makes a fitting background for the rich coloring at your feet. And it may be safely said that few cities have, within their environs, a more lovely drive than that round Punchbowl, when the lantana is in bloom."—*Honolulu Diocesan Magazine*.

"Any one who has been to Manoa valley may have observed on passing Oahu College that the wall of the grounds skirting the road is covered from the ground upwards to the height of eight or nine feet with a species of the cactus tribe, which has straggled along until it now extends to a distance of fully an eighth of a mile. Ordinarily there is nothing about this plant to attract attention. But for a few days in the year it presents a most wonderful spectacle. This plant that looks so uninteresting is the night-blooming cereus (*Cereus grandiflorus*). Its blossom of white petals may be compared to a large goblet, of a rich cream color on the inside, enclosing a wealth of innumerable stamens. It was at the August full moon that this uninteresting-looking hedge burst into bloom along the entire length of the road. Not a bud had opened before the sun went down. But by 8 o'clock in the

evening, the flowers were in their full magnificence. Here were thousands of blossoms, rising tier above tier, higher than one could reach, and extending as far as you could see, glittering in the moonlight, and perfuming the air with their fragrance. As morning approached they began to wilt and fade. The show lasted in its profusion for two nights only. On the third night there were a few scattering blossoms amid the wrecks of the previous evenings. The Rev. J. Usborne obtained some good photographs by a flash light, which will astonish his friends in the United States and Canada. Simultaneously with the show at Punchbowl there were displays on a smaller scale in the Valley road, by the summer palace of Queen Emma, and in Judd street. There was a second flowering at the September full moon."—*H. D. M.*

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beside the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

"Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

"The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;—
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;

I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth that show to me had brought.

“For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.”

THE COCOANUT.

IT did sound "passing strange" to one, born in New England, and loving the elm above all other trees, to hear it remarked, with perfect complacency and assurance, that "there was no tree so beautiful as the cocoanut, when seen on the shore from an incoming vessel"; and I almost lost my breath in going, mentally, at one bound, from our beautiful and graceful elm to the gaunt, tall, branchless, boughless, uncompanionable-looking tree of Hawaii and the South Seas. At first the very thought of such disloyalty to the home of my birth filled me with indignation. But in less time than a few years I, too, came to believe in the cocoanut. We "live and learn"; and I lived to learn and to indorse the sentiment with all my heart; to coolly pass by elm and England's boast, the "Pride of India," brilliantly-colored maples, royal palm, and traveler's, and indeed every other tree, to rejoice at and lift my hat to the cocoanut! Yes.

True, it does stand often quite alone in its own strength, like some one sentinel on an outer wall, a single tree, far away from all companionship, on some point of the shore, rising from the sand—up, up, forty, fifty, sixty feet, until its feathery, star-

like crown seems ambitious to touch the clouds. Yes, with its great height and its century of age—and more, perchance—pointing upward to the sky and outward to the horizon—pointing upward, waving to the sky, then bending and worshiping the sea! Yes, it loves the shore and the sea, watching for the vessels ever—a *landmark* for the sailor. And when so old and so weather-beaten, with its long, long service of patient watching for ships that will never come to those shores more—vessels that had been there again and again, in youth and middle age, now grown old and unfit for service—others wrecked and lost half a century ago!

When it has lost its crown—its wealth of leaves and clusters of nuts—long years before, you can still see it standing there—the brave, old veteran!—with its tapering stem pointing spire-like upward, and outward to the sea. Aloha, golden-hearted old cocoanut!

And so I mean to tell you, if you will stay, how this cocoanut-tree came to grow upon me altogether, and why and how I know that it is “a thing of beauty” and “a joy forever” to a dweller in the tropics.

Again, a perfect fringe of them may be seen, or a group, as of one family, or a grove, even. Look! that tall one at this minute is eagerly nodding and waving its last farewell to the vessel you can see, as a mere speck, against the horizon. Ah, she was here in her youth as well—strong, fresh and beautiful—glorying in hull, and mast, and sail, that could and would defy

the world of waters, and come out victor through every storm! She will boast no more, alas! Her timbers are sea-worn and unworthy, her sails and spars are weak with long years of battling with winds and tempests. She will win port never again, but will go down in the next fierce and determined gale!

"What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fire-side of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, and the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, 'and was never heard of more.'"

"Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limit keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

"O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
["Peace, be still!"]
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst the storm didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea."

The cocoanuts, say they, too, were young when first they saw their friend, the ship—the big white bird—skimming gaily before the breeze, in the gloriously

beautiful morning of this rainbow-land. And that she, in her freshness and her joy made, with *themselves*, a part of the magnificent *water view* of coral reef and headland, of tree, and ship, and sea, and sun, and sky! A hundred years and more, perhaps, since some of them sprang into life. With perfect fruit and leaf, they have stood there on the shore, ever bending toward the sea they love so well, and seeming to beckon the ships on and into port. Now numbers of them, old and battered-looking—all comeliness and beauty gone, but still able to point, spire-like, to the sky, and outward to the rising sun! Aloha nui! thou perfect tree of the South Seas!

In the times of the chiefs, he who cut one down *must plant four*.

The cocoanut is very useful to the Hawaiians in their plaiting and weaving of mats, hats, fans, etc. Their work in this respect is often very fine, artistic and skillful, and can command a good price.

And the pretty cups one sees!

A chief would order a grass hut made by his dependents, and much weaving and other work would be exacted. When it was finished he would compel the poor maker to lie flat upon the top, and, going within, would throw his spear to the roof to prove that the work was weather-proof. Woe to the luckless builder if the spear did perforate the thatch! He was then a victim to loose and slipshod weaving and plaiting!

That is the legend, but I never met with a native

who had an ancestor killed in that way. Probably I did not ask the right family.

Some few years ago a party was cast away on one of the smaller South Sea islands, and for months subsisted on cocoanuts alone. When found they were in good health. My liking is for the nut at that stage when it can be eaten with a spoon.

How delicate and rich the nut is for cake, candy and puddings. And all agree who know aught of India curry that it is never a perfectly delicious curry lacking this most-to-be-desired ingredient. How life-giving and restorative, too, the milk is from a fresh nut those only can tell who live where they grow.

Lying on the beach as the glorious moon of the tropics came up—for nowhere else does she present so heavenly a face—and looking landward through a grove of these magnificent trees, of many heights and sizes, with their mammoth leaves and clusters of nuts, like green feathery stars against the violet-tinted sky set with her gems of stars and planets; looking first at them, then at the sea at my feet, rippling and shining in the light, was “fairy-land” indeed!

And now you know something of why I am in love with the cocoanut.

“ALOHA NUI, THOU PERFECT TREE OF THE SOUTH SEAS!”

" A traveler on a dusty road
 Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
 And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening-time,
 To breathe its early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heights of noon,
 To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
 The birds sweet music bore—
It stood a glory in its place,
 A blessing evermore.

" A little spring had lost its way
 Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
 Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
 A ladle on the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
 But judged that Toil might drink.
He passed again; and lo! the well,
 By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues,
 And saved a life beside.

" A nameless man, amid the crowd
 That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
 Unstudied from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
 A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
 It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
 O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
 But mighty at the last."

"I have paused more than once in the wilderness of America, to contemplate the traces of some blast of wind, which seemed to have rushed down from the

clouds, and ripped its way through the bosom of the woodlands; rooting up, shivering, and splintering the stoutest trees, and leaving a long track of desolation.

“There is something awful in the vast havoc made among these gigantic plants; and in considering their magnificent remains, so rudely torn and mangled, hurled down to perish prematurely on their native soil, I was conscious of a strong movement of sympathy with the wood-nymphs, grieving to be dispossessed of their ancient habitations. I recollect also hearing a traveler of poetical temperament, expressing the kind of horror which he felt in beholding, on the banks of the Missouri, an oak of prodigious size, which had been in a manner overpowered by an enormous wild grape-vine. The vine had clasped its huge folds round the trunk, and from thence had wound about every branch and twig, until the mighty tree had withered in its embrace. It seemed like Laocoön struggling ineffectually in the hideous coils of the monster python. It was the lion of trees perishing in the embraces of a vegetable boa.

“I am fond of listening to the conversation of English gentlemen on rural concerns, and of noticing with what taste and discrimination, and what strong, unaffected interest, they will discuss topics, which, in other countries, are abandoned to mere woodmen or rustic cultivators. I have heard a noble earl descant on park and forest scenery, with the science and feeling of a painter. He dwelt on the shape and beauty of particular trees on his estate, with as much pride and

technical precision as though he had been discussing the merits of statues in his collection. I found that he had gone considerable distances to examine trees which were celebrated among rural amateurs; for it seems that trees, like horses, have their established points of excellence, and that there are some in England which enjoy very extensive celebrity from being perfect in their kind.

“There is something nobly simple and pure in such a taste. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature, to have this strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and this friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. There is a grandeur of thought connected with this part of rural economy. It is, if I may be allowed the figure, the heroic line of husbandry. It is worthy of liberal, and freeborn, and aspiring men. He who plants an oak looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade nor enjoy its shelter; but he exults in the idea that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing, and increasing, and benefiting mankind, long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields.

“Indeed, it is the nature of such occupations to lift the thought above mere worldliness. As the leaves of trees are said to absorb all noxious qualities of the air, and breathe forth a purer atmosphere, so it seems to me as if they drew from us all sordid and angry

passions, and breathed forth peace and philanthropy. There is a serene and settled majesty in woodland scenery that enters into the soul, and dilates and elevates it, and fills it with noble inclinations."

KOU AND THE COLT.

THE natives of Hawaii possess, to a marvelous degree, skill in managing both boats and horses. Patience is born in them, and with them, and to them! Never did I see a native manifest what we term impatience; and irritability is with them, an unknown quantity, most certainly.

A native boy, with a little stub of a pencil, and an old battered knife, would peg away until he made for himself a fine sharp point, and then would most contentedly write and erase—write and erase, until his work was as even as a die!

Strange to say, they would insist upon the *quality* of their work rather than the quantity, even when told to hasten! And when tired, they would simply and coolly say, but in a most good-natured manner: "Too much work—too warm—some more to-morrow—no use—*ma hoppe*" (by and by).

If a boy was wanting a pencil, "Me lend!" "Me, too lend!" could quickly be heard. Happy, generous, laughing, light-hearted children, full of merriment, boisterous, talkative as parrots, and noisy ever, excepting when they are asleep.

It was an unusually warm, sultry afternoon, and I

was resting in my hammock, swung under the shade of a mammoth tree. We were so close to this most perfect beach (where it ought to be against the law to step with covered feet on the delightful mat of finest, whitest, warmest sand—where there is no undertow, no anything to mar a joyous sea-plunge by day or by night), that I could see the grand, rugged heads, Diamond and Koko, and hear the exquisite music of the surf as it slapped the shore so easily and gently with its white foam!

“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne’er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore:—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man’s ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.”

Kou, an indolent, calm, good-natured, fine-looking native, came walking leisurely into the place, with the same unconscious grace they all possess when not too old, and closely following at his heels, the prettiest thing of a colt. It pranced about the paddock, giv-

ing me a shy look, as much as to say, "Why are you here? This is the domain for me to exercise in. I am 'Pout,' the handsome prince, of whom you must have been told, or why are you here watching me?" He was to be broken to the saddle for the first time that day. The man *Kou* walked quietly about whistling, singing, patting the colt, talking low to it in caressing native words, smoothing its face, and making it all sorts of promises—showing him the saddle-cloth, moving and fixing the saddle over and over, working and cajoling for an hour or two to convince his Royal Highness that in this matter of riding there was to be no under-hand, or sleight-of-hand—no *maneuvering*, but all plain, open and above-board with him! Hours, or a day, seemed of no importance! Time was nothing to *Kou*! All was perfect deliberation. He was not there to frighten a timid child out of learning! I knew he was *akamai* (just the one) and I knew the saddle would go on—and go on it did. And while the colt was very shy it had full faith in its master, and he finally rode out of the field on its back shouting *Aloha!* to me, and soon was lost to view on the beach! He conquered the animal simply by calming his own spirit; and he led up to it step by step, gently, firmly and patiently, as a wise and loving parent leads on an irritable and too-sensitive child. These native horses in the country districts object to a lantern on a dark night—and when there is no moon there is darkness that can almost be felt. But these animals will "come out all right," if trust-

ingly left to their own devices. Parties and the rest are planned for moonlight nights; the native reckons by moons.

The finest fish I ate while at the Islands were given to me by a native boy—a former pupil—while stopping at this very beach. I met him one morning early when going for a plunge. He expressed great delight at *ma bonne heure*—told me his mother was part owner of a fish-pond near Koko Head. These ponds are enclosed by stone walls built out into shoal water, with openings for the tide to enter. The next day my boy-friend came, bringing me fish enough to last through a Lent—and what delicious fish! We were not going to have that fish go to waste, and we gave away to all our friends, besides eating fish for breakfast, dinner, and supper. “I bring this fish to you, my very good, kind teacher.” And before he left he went to the top of a cocoanut-tree and laid us in a supply of nuts. Ah, they are all “princes of the blood”—Nature’s noblemen!

These Heads—Diamond and Koko—are extinct volcanoes, like Punchbowl.

As soon as a vessel is sighted in the channel (Oahu) she is telephoned from the station at Diamond Head.

The telephone is to be found in every shop and in nearly every house in Honolulu, excepting “the narrow house” and the meeting-house (there may be one in the parlor of the latter; I did not go in to see)—for the outlay is trifling, hardly more than the daily paper, as there are two companies, each urging for

patronage. Yes, everything is adapted for the comfort and convenience of the dwellers in this little tropical town—even to the spread of the “latest and last” morsel of gossip. If any feel too indolent to drive and bring it home, stopping here and there for the little harmless clack, why then they can sit in an easy-chair in the drawing-room or on the veranda, and imbibe a bowlful. So you will see the telephone has its supreme and undisputed advantages (more particularly if the “lines” are crossed) among modern inventions. For the continuance of domestic life and happiness commend me to doctor and telephone.

“A telephone up the volcano on Hawaii is the latest novelty for dwellers on the Islands. In the old days men rode on horseback ahead of the lava flow to let the settlers know there had been an eruption, but hereafter it will be necessary only to turn the crank and call up ‘Central.’ E. E. Richards, who built the volcano telephone line, says: ‘Honolulu has the most wonderful telephone system in the world. You can get any number you want as soon as you ask for it, and can hear perfectly a very great distance. There is a good system in Hilo, too, and the lines run the whole length of the island and go to the houses of many of the largest planters. The line to the Volcano Hotel runs along the road about half the distance and then cuts through the woods to the top. A forest, deep and almost impenetrable, blocked the way, but men with axes literally cut through it.’”

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

N. B.—We—don't—hurry—much—in—this—sort—of—
• climate—you—know."

For instance, you have a little matter on your hands that requires legal aid, and you decide in the innocence of your heart to call on Mr. Waite, who understands, you understand, his business and have it all cleared at once. And you find him perfectly satisfactory in all that he says. You come away feeling quite happy and mentally at ease that the whole troublesome affair is now well out of your hands and into his. You wait, inclining to be polite and well-bred and unselfish, and give your neighbors a chance with Mr. Waite and their affairs, and not hurry him too much—and time goes on, and it goes on, and you hear of no settlement in your land-claim. You call on the gentleman. "Oh, yes; I will attend to that little affair of yours. Glad you came in. You must pardon me, but I've been so *rushed* with this and that, and this season being unusually warm, you know, I suppose you're not in any *great* hurry. I'll see—and send my boy over—hope you'll forgive the oversight, etc." And you leave him, thinking it's rather strange, but on the whole, trying to be patient and charitable,

saying to yourself that you cannot expect to be first always—that the world was not made in a day—and every other consoling fragment you can think of; and that when he *does* take hold of it, doubtless there won't be much time lost.

You wait a fortnight for "the boy," and he does not come—and you then decide that if you do not hear in the course of another week you will "dress up in your best" and go and give the gentlemen a bit of your mind. You call at the last of that week, and Mr. W. discovers, possibly by the very quietude of your manner, the inquietude you feel; you are not quite pleased with the progress of law affairs as he conducts them; and he recounts humbly this time that he has been "all broke up" since you saw him and had to take a little run to Waikiki for sea-bathing—his head's been troubling him—and his wife's not been too well, either—his little Melina's been down with the measles—and Mort's not yet over the whooping-cough—and baby's had the croup—and so, altogether, he's *had* to let his business go to the dogs—and coming back, finds everything at sixes and sevens. But now all will be well. You go home resigned—nothing more to say—thankful that *you* are well. And in a few days the boy comes with a line from your attorney, asking you to kindly call (any time after the next Monday, as he's going to take the children for a little picnic up in the Valley over Sunday), as he has lost sight of his record in some way, he is very sorry to say—an important date which you gave him, and

which he cannot, without, proceed in the business that he knows you are desirous of having settled without further waiting. He will be sure to be at his office Wednesday morning at ten o'clock sharp.

THE NATIVE WOMAN.

THE word *aloha*, for instance, must stand for love, affection, gratitude, thanks, kindness, and many more things—for the native tongue is a very poor one.

Every word ends with a vowel, and the language is very musical to the ear—not unlike the Italian.

There are but four notes to their music, and so weird, strange and pleasing it is, that on first hearing it one would wish to listen to it for hours! A piece of board, with a few strings across it (taro-patch fiddle), or a guitar, a gay *holoku* of red or green, a *lei* of flowers on hat of her own plaiting, and another around the neck, a grass hut on the beach, or in the valley, the taro patch at hand, *poi* in the calabash, fish drying on the roof, a horse in the little paddock, and her majesty—the native woman—need take no thought for the morrow—nor *will* she! When Sunday comes she will go to church, or meeting, unless any of her friends or relatives (and “cousins” among the natives are legion) are going to have a feast, or *luau*, in honor of a birthday, wedding-day, the visit of a friend from one of the other Islands, or out of respect to the departed; then she will most certainly *not* attend church, nor meeting, but will go miles padding over

the road barefooted, long before sunrise (for the natives are very early risers), to reach that friend's house or "place."

A *luau* means a pig roasted, chicken, fish and *poi*. Of course, for royalty, one can be made very elaborate. The table is on the grass, and spread with taro leaves. The food is handled with the fingers.

A pig, fish or chicken, wrapped in *ti* leaves and baked, native form, in an oven made in the ground, of heated stones, etc., is a rich delicacy, often to be desired. Nothing could be better or tenderer in the way of dining. "There is a great deal in the native," is a proverb I delight to quote, for its perfect truthfulness. After my experience of a *luau* I could not blame the natives for not wishing to miss one, even on Sunday!

The weaving of garlands of flowers and ferns, by the native women, is very ingenious and beautiful. They make quite a trade of it on all fair days, but more especially on "steamer days," when steamers are leaving for the Coast or Colonies. This is the high-day—the harvest—of the native women.

They will come in from the valleys very early with their baskets of flowers, and sitting on their mats on the sidewalk of one of the principal thoroughfares leading to the wharves, will make their *leis* to sell to the passer-by; and every one, men as well as women, is expected to wear this pretty native chain.

A perfect tier of gaudy flowers is often seen on a man's neck, making him look ridiculous, ludicrous and

sheepish. But when we are in Hawaii, we must do as the Hawaiians do, I suppose. And they certainly do *lei*-wearing *very brown!* It is a gala-time, the brilliant flowers, the band, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and the repeated shouting of *Aloha!* as the steamer moves away from the wharf. The town then sobers off for another ten days or two weeks.

In their weaving and plaiting of mats, fans, hats and other articles, the palm, banana, fern and other plants used, are prepared with great care for this most ingenious work. A mat woven of narrow strips, white, firm, smooth as satin, and of pretty pattern, three yards square, is well worth forty dollars. The Panama hat cannot exceed in beauty and fineness some done by these natives. Oh, they are very deft in all this kind of work—it is their birthright.

In the mountains there is a small blackbird, with one tiny yellow feather under its wing. This bird is snared by the natives, the feather plucked and the bird freed. But there are close imitations of dyed feathers. I know that where a native has been employed to remake a necklace of these valuable feathers, she would steal some of them, concealing them in her mouth! And it is not now every native who can do this kind of weaving or netting. A cloak of his late Majesty, King Kalakaua, of these feathers, is worth one hundred thousand dollars, and has come down as an heirloom — a net of priceless, golden feathers!

The cloak of Kamehameha I. is said to have occu-

pied nine generations of kings in its construction. Nothing but Hawaiian patience could accomplish this remarkable work, even in that time! and it will soon be numbered among the "lost arts." The ground-work is native hemp, and the feathers are overlapped like the shingles on a roof. These feathers were used as money, and were accepted by the government in payment of taxes.

The natives are not thieves by any manner of means; they are kind, generous, hospitable, gentle, easy, happy-going people, fond of you, it may be, fond of music, flowers, song; fond of color, light and laughter; fond of *poi*—and of Hawaii! But if they enter your "place" (and such things as locks and keys, or bolts and bars to houses were unknown until within a few years, until communication become so frequent between the Colonies, the Coast and the Islands), and see, for instance, a plenty of thread in your work-basket, and they happen to want a little, they will take a little, as a matter of course; and if you are there and offer them a part of it, they will take it, as a "matter of course"! "It's all in the family." That's what they mean. And you finally come to see things with their eyes.

The Islanders, to a great extent—not so much now as in former years,—have been dependent upon themselves for amusements and entertainments; and great attention has been paid to music, so that there are really many excellent musicians living there. When a concert or an opera is given in Hono-

lulu you may be sure of a treat—not an amateur affair, but a finished and artistic performance. The proceeds are always devoted to charity. Many of the homes are beautiful—the houses are built as light and airy as possible, with wide verandas, and great regard is paid to dainty and simple and cool-looking furnishing—muslin hangings, bare floors and mats, easy, light and comfortable chairs and lounges of wicker or cane, with pretty lamps and pictures, open doors and windows, a garden of palms, ferns and flowers—and you see at once how the *foreigner* lives in Hawaii!

The violet, crocus, mignonette, pansy, maid-o'-the mist, bachelors'-button, heliotrope, Canterbury-bell, foxglove, Sweet William, Star of Bethlehem, Patagonia mint, southernwood, cinnamon pink, columbine, daffodil,

“With feverfew, and dahlias, and delicate pink phlox,
And grandmother's fair favorites, old-fashioned hollyhocks,”

and a countless host of others of our dearly-loved New England beauties and sweet scents, are rarely seen, or cultivated with great care. It would seem as “out of place” to see a snowdrop (the dainty little white nun), or the trailing-arbutus, or even checkerberry-leaves at these Islands, as to see a cocoanut-tree in a New England meadow. The lack of harmony, the discord, would be felt at once to any sensitive nature.

I have seen a (full-native) boy with red hair—“all

the same fire-house," as a native would say,—and freckled skin (white), but it jarred on my nerves to look at him. I do not care for white negroes (Albinos) nor red-headed Hawaiians! But to resume: What is lacking in the tropics in fineness and scent is made up in color. The *Bourgainvillia* would startle you, and make you open your mouth and draw in your breath (like little Kalani, when insulted by the giant), if you came upon it suddenly and had never seen it before. One end of the Priory is covered with a blanket of this magenta-colored climber. Like the *poinciana regia*, the leaves can hardly be seen, and the blossoms mass as if they were basted together loosely; the long delicate stamens are white of both these flowers. In looking at them one would fancy that Nature had but the one single color in her paint-pot at a time, and used it all, perfectly regardless of economy or thrift!—clear magenta in one, and vivid scarlet in the other. They are, perhaps, the two most perfect flowers in this respect. Both bear large, generous blossoms.

Overture—"Enchantment" *Herman*
Royal Hawaiian Band.

Chorus—"Ua mau ke Ea o ka Aina i ka Pono" . . . *Liliuokalani*
Hui Mele Hawaii Noeau.

Piano Solo—"Military Polonaise" *Chopin*
Miss C. Castle.

Solo—"The Nightingale" *Nicaoli*
Miss E. Halstead.

Trio—"Meditation in E" *Richardson*
Miss K. McGrew, Miss M. Atkinson, and Mr. Taylor.

- Chorus—"Kawaihau" *Ailau*
 Quintette Club.
- Solo—"La Aerinato" *Toste*
 Miss Helen Parker.
- Duet—"I Would that My Love" *Mendelssohn*
 Miss Louise F. Dale and Mr. H. S. Williams.
- Solo and Chorus—"Oh, What Full Delight" *Balfe*
 Hui Mele Hawaii Noeau.
- Medley—"Popular Melodies" *Clauder*
 Royal Hawaiian String Band.
- Duet and Chorus—"E Ola mau loa" (new). *D. K. Naone*
 Hui Mele Hawaii Noeau.
- Solo—"Ave Maria" *Gounod*
 Miss C. Glade, Violincello obligato by Mr. Schwabach.
- Duet—"Life's Dream is O'er" ———
 Mrs. Kauhane and Hon. Lilikalani.
- Solo—"Leonore" *H. Trotire*
 Miss F. J. Nolte.
- Duet—"Adieu" *O. Nicolai*
 Miss M. Cummins and Miss A. Holmes.
- Solo—"Madeline" *C. A. White*
 Mrs. Keohokalole.
- Chorus—"Kananī o ka Pakipika" *A. A. Haulelea*
- March—"Good Night" *Carl*
 Hawaiian Band.
 "Hawaii Pono!"

"Nay, tell me not of lordly halls!
 My minstrels are the trees;
 The moss and the rock are my tapestried walls,
 Earth's sounds my symphonies.

"There's music sweeter to my soul
 In the weed by the wild wind fanned,
 In the heave of the surge, than ever stole
 From mortal minstrel's hand.

- "There's mighty music in the roar
Of the oaks on the mountain's side,
When the whirlwind bursts on their foreheads hoar,
And the lightning flashes wide.
- "There's music in the forest stream,
As it plays through the deep ravine,
Where never summer's breath or beam
Has pierced its woodland screen.
- "There's music in the thundering sweep
Of the mountain waterfall,
As its torrents struggle, and foam, and leap
From the brow of its marble wall.
- "There's music in the dawning morn,
Ere the lark his pinion dries—
In the rush of the breeze through the dewy corn,
Through the garden's perfumed dyes.
- "There's music in the depth of night,
When the world is still and dim,
And the stars flame out in their pomp of light,
Like thrones of the cherubim."

LELEA.

A HOUSE was rented of *Lelea*, a native woman. She was then a splendid type of her race, tall, well-formed, strong, with a quantity of glossy black hair, eyes brilliant, and clear brown skin. She was a woman of more than ordinary intellect, far-seeing, shrewd, honest and straightforward in all her dealings. I was led to think, the more I saw of her, that she had the blood of all the Kamehamehas in her veins! Her manners and bearing would not have shamed a duchess.

When I knew her (she is now dead) she was very sad and anxious, and would often talk to me of her troubles. She would come into my place at night-fall, and seeing me alone on the veranda, would not be induced to have a chair, but crouching, Indian fashion, would stay for an hour or more, sometimes talkative, more often not a word; moody and dark, seeming at such times to me more like an Indian than a Hawaiian. A broken heart was fast killing my handsome *Lelea*. Her first husband was a white man—termed at the Islands “foreigners”—who left her at his death quite a fine property, but who was wise enough to tie it up in such a manner that it

could be for her use during her lifetime, but at her death must revert to his relatives at home. A second husband had, of course, come on the scene—a full native, like herself, but much younger. When *Brown* found he could not get hold of any of her wealth, he became very dissipated and abusive to “my lady,” and succeeded, I am sorry to say, in making her very wretched.

However, she proved a very faithful and kind landlady. She promised that the large paddock should be kept tidy and clean, and as there were many fine trees, and the leaves were continually falling more or less, it involved a good deal of work. One day of every week, at least, must be given to the sweeping of the grass; and when she had this done, the whole place was like a smooth velvet carpet of richest, softest green! A bonfire was then made, and the trash burned up. Not a dead leaf could be found on that place when she had done!

As I have said, the natives never like to go indoors on moonlight nights. I would awaken to some noise in the grounds, and looking through the shutters of my blind doors, would see my earnest and faithful *Lelea* sweeping and gathering up the leaves by the light of a late moon. Like too many white people, trouble had seemed to summon to her side the demon Restlessness, for she never could be still. She had lost forever the repose and indolence of her race! I pitied her. She manifested (why I failed to comprehend) great affection for her recreant, lazy lord!

Often I would find a bundle of oranges or a choice fish left on my veranda, to show her *aloha* for me.

There is an old legend that, when the Mosque of St. Sophia was finished, the founder caused his name to be inscribed in illuminated letters around the dome. On going there in the morning he saw that his name was erased, and in its place, the name of a woman. He ordered the city to be searched, and when she was brought into his presence he found that she was a poor widow. He asked her what she had ever done that her name should be placed there, and his, the founder, be lost to sight? She said, "she was sure she could not recollect aught she had ever done, except to give a little straw to the oxen who hauled the stone." "She hath done what she could."

MY POOR, TRUE, NOBLE-HEARTED LELEA!

PONTO, THE VAGABOND.

IN this large enclosure were to be seen mango, tamarind, kukui, bamboo, bread-fruit, Pride of India, royal palm, and the traveler's, together with many others; not omitting to mention by itself, the wonderful and much-loved, and deservedly-loved, cocoanut tree; which, by some unhappy mischance, I could but think, was growing far away from any beach or shore—miles inland, in this place of mine.

The cocoanut is a child of the sea, and never looks comfortable and happy but where it can see the face of its friend!

In the middle of these grounds was a circular mound of that exquisite green, such as is seen nowhere but in tropical climates. In the middle of this mound a deep pond, stone-lined and curbed; and a fountain, where the water was plentiful, and ever cool and fresh! Above the first basin was a smaller one, which overflowed, when the fountain was playing, into the larger one beneath. A crowd of doves frequented this pond for their daily ablutions. I wish I knew that all little boys were so happy in having their faces washed, and taking their bath, as were these lovely feathered children! I could not discover that there was actually

any quarreling among them; but, in watching them closely, I seemed to see some selfishness. When they came at nightfall, after an unusually warm day, I noticed that, in their eagerness, the big ones took the lead, and pushed the little ones off the edge of the basin! I would set the fountain *gently* running—not to scare them off—and they would fly in little groups, onto the upper basin, where the water would fall on them. There they would walk and prance about, round and round, picking and shaking, and cooing, and washing, until each feather was in full-dress and party order! They were of all sizes and colors. Never have I seen such exquisite white ones anywhere, not even in Venice. Oh, they were beauties!

But it was not for the doves I cared the most—happy, jolly, rollicking dears that they were; and much as I loved them, and welcome as they were to share the coolness, and the water of the pond and the fountain; and glad as I was when they came, and sorry as I felt when their daily bath was over! No, it was not for *them* my sympathy went out, nor *in* them that my interest specially centered. *They* were well fed, and housed, and cared for, and owned! Could I not see their neat little cotes, far over the way, among the cool, shady trees in a flower garden! Ah, yes! they had many friends, and lovers, and companions, for were they not choice birds at that—many of rare and expensive breeds—tumblers, and crowns, and crests, etc. No, no! They were not the only living things that wandered into my premises, for

there was other two-footed life, besides them, that came! and *they* came with no fine plumage, and no coquetry! They came at all times of the day, and from the small hours of the morning, if there was a late moon—indeed, I could look for them any time *in the night*, if there was a wind; for then, they knew, the ground would be strewed with mangoes.

“Mango-o-o! Please, some mango—mango-o-o!” This appealing cry from the throats of little brownies, can be heard from sunrise until after sunset, during many months, for it is the fruit of which the natives are the most fond!

The mango-trees are often colossal in size—forty and fifty feet in height, with immense crowns loaded with fruit, hanging (literally, enough to feed an army) in strong, heavy, pendent clusters. A perfect mango is as large as a full-sized Bartlett pear. It is delicious, and of many flavors, no two seeming to taste exactly the same. When the new leaves are coming they take the beautiful shades and tint of autumn leaves in New England. Nature, displaying the same colors in living as in dying! When the fruit is ripe, or when there is a wind, it is thud, thud! Falling from so great a height, it is cracked and mashed often more or less; and with the heat is soon sour, so that the natives are always quite welcome to gather it up. No one but the natives can mount the cocoanut and other high trees! and they test the strength of a branch as they go on, and rarely make a mistake or get a fall. They will go up a mango-tree and to the outmost

limbs, like little monkeys. This fruit is almost their only food during the season, so fond are they of it.

But it is an insult to offer a banana to a native, so little do they care for them. And this means, too, the perfect, firm, golden bunch, with no suspicion of black!

Neither were these little natives who had access to my mangoes homeless, or friendless, or poor, by any manner of means! In their own modes and fashions of living they are nature's richest, happiest children! They sing and dance, and swim and ride. They love the moonlight; they will not sleep when the silver queen of night visits them. They revel in the sunshine—it is never too warm for them! For then they rest and lie under the trees, or go into the surf. They love the rain, and laugh and shout and run from tree to tree where the foliage is so dense that not a drop can find its way through! They love their friends, and they love Hawaii!

They were welcome to share my fruit and to drink of my pretty fountain. I liked their brown faces and laughing eyes. But when their pockets and hats were full of mangoes, they would shout "*Aloha!*" and be off for their own homes! They liked what I had to give, but with it all they were free and independent. I was not their only friend by scores!

The tamarinds, too, drop—hundreds of dry, brittle pods, thickly strewn the ground with the slightest rustle of a wind. They are a clean, light, pretty brown, as easily broken as a peanut shell, and con-

taining in the tiny canoe three or four seeds, covered with rich sweet-and-sour *jam*, held together by long fibres, *they, too*, covered with the rich filling! A most perfect little vessel of preserve! A delicious drink was made by pouring onto them boiling water, letting it cool, and then straining it—adding loaf-sugar to the taste.

“Who else came to visit my garden besides the doves and the brownies?”

Well, little Portuguese girls came, expressly for my tamarinds; little maidens from the far-off Azores, whose fathers had come to work on the sugar plantations, and who in time had drifted back to the capital—Honolulu! They hired a little plot of land—put up their shanties—planted their squash, and melon seeds, and grape vines, and a few marigolds—kept hens and goats, opened their little shops, their wives taking in washing, and in their thrifty, hard-working ways, were soon able to accumulate money!

These children were pretty little dark-eyed things, with a wealth of soft brown hair in long braids down their backs. Courteous as little Spanish grandees in their manners; and on Sunday or a fête-day, very gaily dressed in gaudy colors.

They would not hesitate to pick up a fine mango, if they saw one; but *their* mission in coming so often to see me was—the tamarind trees! “The nice lady who lets us fill our aprons with tamarinds,” little Felicia tells little Pedro! “Good-night and thank you, ma’am!” And *they, too*, are gone!

But it was my poor, despised, deserted, friendless, vagabond dog—my *four-footed* pensioner! owned by nobody and disowned by everybody—my poor, down-fallen, shabby, mangy, hungry-looking Newfoundland! My eager, over-anxious, worried-looking brute! It was for *him* my heart went out! And I resolved to be ~~his~~ true friend until I should see him in better condition *again*!

I christened him *Ponto*, for I discovered he had *lost his name*, so far as I could recollect such things, and would not come to me, call *what* I might! So, as I say, I gave him at once a pretty name! And to make him try to recollect it, I gave him a nice bone with it.

When first I saw him, I was sitting at nightfall (which is a very beautiful time at the Islands, you must know—all nature seems then to be going to dreamland, so quiet is it—perfect repose) on the veranda, and I was quite startled in seeing this big, unkempt, untidy, collarless, gaunt, big-eyed dog rush into my place, his head up, and staring about from tree to house, and then to pond, in a most expectant manner! He gave one bound toward the water and greedily lapped his fill. Then, quietly and shame-facedly, on seeing me, shambled along in the direction of the cook-house; and finally, left the yard, disappointed and disconsolate-looking! It was closed and not a bone to be seen!

In a day or two he came again at the same time and place; and seeming surprised to find the pond

still there, he took another drink! I spoke to him this time, in cheerful tones, and told him that he was welcome to a swim in the cool water as well, for he looked very warm and tired, and I really wished he would take a bath. His coat, which had not been cut or trimmed for many a day, looked so dusty and rough! A bone was awaiting his coming, for I knew he would scent that basin of water again; they are not so plentiful in Honolulu! He gained a little confidence with the sound of my voice, and gradually looked about the garden. Finally he discovered the bone, and gave one quick, sharp bark, as thanks, before he picked it up!

He was not a greedy dog at all; he was a thoroughbred, and had been well-trained. May be his master went to the Coast or to the Colonies, and left him behind with a friend, or gave him away! Likely he was dead!

The climate does not favor animals, unless they have good care. The sun spoils their hair and they get to look, often, very shabby. He took his bone under a big tree, and after a while I saw him bury it, and depart for the night. Day after day he came; and finally, with petting, and feeding, and coaxing, he strayed away no more, but with a new and handsome collar, became my own dog and protector—*Ponto*.

You may have read that beautiful legend of the Blessed Saviour, who came one night to the marketplace of the city with some of His disciples, and while

they went to prepare the supper, He mingled with the crowd gathered about a dead dog. He listened to their heartless and cruel taunts: "Good enough for it, miserable cur!" "Look at its hangdog face," said another. "Kick it out of sight!" said a third. But God the Saviour, who created all things, quietly said, "Pearls could not equal the whiteness of its teeth!"

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small.
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

MAIOLA.

“**B** EING *prayed* to death.”

Among the many superstitions of these most superstitious people, the natives, are many quaint and harmless ones—many, too, like to our own (and, doubtless, learned or caught from the early missionaries and others) foolish and ludicrous; and not a few of *their own*—Hawaiian-born and bred—that are not only dreadful, but positively terrible, in their significance!

It is not for me to say how far or how fast mind acts and reacts upon mind, when primed and loaded with an eager, greedy desire to destroy, for instance, some hated, hunted and doomed victim!

A certain number, a secret conclave, will “*pray Maiola to death*”—and certain it is that Maiola sometimes dies! Maiola I knew very well, and saw him almost daily for a few years; he was one of the very finest-looking of his race—tall, well-formed, handsome, *and* strong and healthy, for anything I could see to the contrary. Suddenly he began to fail in strength, and in spirits as well, went to another island for a change—came back again, growing all the while, month after month, weaker, more helpless, and more dispirited—lying all day in his hut doing nothing.

When the natives were questioned they would look at one another, glance following glance in quick succession; he was being prayed to death—so they evidently believed! That was simply all, and *all* there was about it; his people would do what they could, *all* they could; but medicines, doctors, hospitals were to their minds all “*no use*.” He was “being prayed to death”—and die he must, and die he did! To my mind, he simply took a violent cold, as the natives do—very susceptible to a chill—neglected it, would not go to the hospital (“Queen Emma’s Hospital,” which is very well managed); asthma followed, quick consumption, dropsy, and the poor fellow paid the last debt! “*Maiola is dead*.” And for one night, and a small part of a day only (in this climate), may we, his relatives, sing our weird, unearthly *meles* in his praise—telling in odd, plaintive chant his good deeds and noble qualities; send for all his friends and ours to come and mourn and sing and wail with and for us; cry, and laugh, and smoke (passing the pipe around from mouth to mouth), and eat fish and *poi*; *then* we will give him Christian burial, cover his grave with *leis* and blossoms, and come away content that *all is well with Maiola*.

And these superstitions can never be wholly uprooted in any nation or people so long as the world stands, and we are still mortal beings.

“However lightly it may be ridiculed, yet the attention involuntarily yielded to it whenever it is made the subject of serious discussion, and its preva-

lence in all ages and countries, even among newly discovered nations that have had no previous interchange of thought with other parts of the world, prove it to be one of those mysterious and instinctive beliefs, to which, if left to ourselves, we should naturally incline."

I may say that I am a total unbeliever in anything of the sort—entirely skeptical on such points. "It's all moonshine"—and yet the very next new moon, if I happen to see it first over my right shoulder, and am "lucky" enough to have even a "wee sillier" in my pocket, any one standing by can note the involuntary satisfied smirk on my face. Look at the thousand and one minor superstitions of New England. It is good luck if you fall up-stairs; bad luck to rock an empty chair; for a child to look in a mirror, or to have its nails pared before it is a year old, is certain death; to break a mirror is death to some member of the family; must not pick up a pin if the point is toward you; if the house is in "apple-pie order" no company will come—*vice versa*, a crowd; to have the right ear burn, some one is praising you; "an itching palm," money is coming to you. But time would fail me to speak of half that are as common as cows in a pasture.

In every Southern State and family superstitions are to be found—mainly of African origin, to be sure—but there they are!

Washington Irving tells of the old squaw spirit who had charge of the great treasury of storm and sunshine for the region of the Hudson, as the Indians

believed. She dwelt in the highest peak of the Catskill mountains. Here she kept Day and Night shut up in her wigwam, letting out only one of them at a time. She made new moons every month, and hung them up in the sky, cutting up the old ones for stars. The great Manitou, or master spirit, employed her to manufacture clouds. Sometimes she wove them out of cobwebs, gossamers, and morning dew, and sent them off, flake after flake, to float in the air, and give light summer showers. Sometimes she would brew up black thunder-storms, and send down drenching rains to swell the streams and sweep everything away.

Have colleges and Christianity been able to do away with the superstitions of "thirteen at a table," or "beginning anything on a Friday"? Nay; what became of the captain who defiantly began the building of his ship on that "unlucky day," finished it on Friday, launched it on Friday, sailed on Friday? These "foolish notions" (?) are not confined to the ignorant entirely, to servants, to negroes and the unenlightened. The argument is not sound—will not prove.

"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious."

In the book of Job: "In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but

I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God?"

In the Greek and Roman poets—in Homer, "the father of song,"—in Ossian: "A dark red stream of fire comes down from the hill. Crugal sat upon the beam; he that lately fell by the hand of Swaran, striving in the battle of heroes. His face is like the beams of the setting moon. His robes are of the clouds of the hill. His eyes are like two decaying flames. Dark is the wound of his breast. The stars dim-twinkled through his form; and his voice was like the sound of a distant stream. My ghost, O Connal! is on my native hills, but my corse is on the sands of Ullin. Thou shalt never talk with Crugal, or find his lone steps in the heath. I am light as the blast of Cromla; and I move like the shadow of mist. Connal, son of Colgar! I see the dark cloud of death. It hovers over the plains of Lenna. The sons of green Erin shall fall. Remove from the field of ghosts. Like the darkened moon he retired in the midst of the whistling blast."

And what of Shakespeare: "Macbeth," with its witches—worse than *Maiola*—"Hamlet," with its ghost, and "Julius Cæsar," chock-full of the supernatural? The superstition of the "evil eye," which, like many others, has come down from the Middle Ages is still firmly believed in in Ireland and in the Highlands of Scotland. In Milton and in Spenser, in

Chaucer and in Dryden, in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," in Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor," in Poe's "Raven," in Dickens, as well as in Scott, glimpses, or more, of the supernatural and of superstition can be seen and read. "It is all a mystery—I can't understand," "The whole thing is very mysterious," are expressions that we use from childhood to the grave. But we are not to trust in "old wives' fables," nor in "cunningly devised fables," but in "the living God, who giveth richly all things to enjoy."

Dean Swift says: "If God should please to reveal unto us this great *mystery* of the Holy Trinity, or some other *mysteries* in our holy religion, we should not be able to understand them, unless He would bestow on us some new faculties of the mind."

And another great divine has said that if we had one more sense we might be able to see the spirit world. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." If we had a few more faculties we might be able to understand "all mysteries and all knowledge"; but it is God's plan that we shall walk by faith—that we shall "believe and obey" with what He has been pleased to give us. We cannot be God—only the "creature" of His hand—"of His court but not of His counsel," "the sheep of His pasture." Humility, and not pride and ambition, must be ours. "Who by

searching can find out God?" In the natural world what we do not see with the naked eye is far beyond what we do see; and men, to their immortal praise, sacrifice their time, their fortune, their sleep, that they may learn, with telescope and microscope, and give to the world just one little chapter more of the wonderful, mysterious and marvelous works of Almighty God. But the things which belong to the supernatural, the spiritual world, cannot be learned nor "found out" with any of man's inventions, however great they may be. They must be "spiritually discerned" with the "eye of faith" alone. Simply: "I believe."

"In its sublime research, philosophy

May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure:—none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity."

"Lord, forever at Thy side

Let my place and portion be:
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

"Meekly may my soul receive

All Thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken—I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.

"Humble as a little child
Weaned from the mother's breast;
By no subtleties beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.

"Israel! now and evermore
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all His ways, adore—
Wise, and wonderful, and just."

"God hath now sent his living *oracle*
Into the world to teach His final will."

—*Milton.*

MOLOKAI AND FATHER DAMIEN.

“Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.”

O MOLOKAI, Molokai! how shall I write of thee, loveliest prison, hospital, and tomb—the dreaded and shunned home of the Leper! Is Molokai like the other islands of the chain? As like to them as one brother is to another, where they come of the same parents. There are slight differences in the features and complexion of the different islands, but not enough for any confusion as to what family they belong. Molokai is said to be one of the very most beautiful of the group.

And while the lepers can have the perfect freedom of all-out-o'-doors, the sunshine and the air, they are as much in prison and as securely as if behind granite walls and iron bars! Oh, yes! And this is “wise and merciful and just.” Is there a leper in Honolulu or elsewhere, he must go out under cover of the night; and even then he is more than liable to arrest. If it be known that any are in hiding far up in the valleys or elsewhere, detectives are sent to search them out. And *this* is “wise and merciful and just.” Great care is taken to provide for these afflicted ones—men,

women and children—yes, often very “little ones,” *mere babies*—when the destroyer marks them for his own! They are Hawaii’s wards—these poor sick children—and well and nobly does she look out for them; nor are they ever forgotten or neglected. Their rations are plentiful and good; there is no stint of food or clothing. Water is laid on all over the place, and nursing and medicine, and prayers and priest are theirs. They are never overlooked at Christmas or Thanksgiving-time, and even Fourth of July brings for them as well as for others a noisy joy!

By most savants the disease is not thought to be contagious, in the ordinary sense of that term—as measles or whooping-cough; but if a “Sister” or a “Brother,” or a priest goes to Molokai for life, to “lose his life that he may find it,” he or she must expect, in time, to become a victim, too, to this appalling disease. And should they escape, it would be in the same unaccountable manner that one escapes when in the midst of cholera or yellow-fever, and comes out unharmed.

And Father Damien, what shall I say of thee, thou saint in Paradise!

It was foolhardy, unwise and reckless, a tempting of Providence, a playing with edge-tools, if, as has been said of thee, thou *didst* take a cup from a leper’s hand to drink—the pipe from a leper’s mouth to smoke! But thou wast “wise unto salvation”—loving, brotherly and Christ-like, wherein thou didst through the long, lonely years of thy banishment from home

and country, and kith and kin, nurse and help and pray for thy children, ministering to them in their supreme hours of agony—and even shrouding them often for the grave!

On the coast of France, near Calais, is a lighthouse. Some one said to the keeper in charge, "What if your light should go out?"

"It never shall, sir; it never shall! Oh, when I look out at night, and see the ships from India, from Australia, from America, and from other places, I feel as if the eyes of the whole world were upon *my* light. Oh, it shall never go out!"

"And they came to the gate within the wall, where Peter holds the keys.

Stand up, stand up now, Tomlinson, and answer loud and high
The good that ye did for the sake of men or ever ye came to die—
The good that ye did for the sake of men in little earth so lone!
And the naked soul of Tomlinson grew white as a rain-washed bone.

"This I have read in a book,' he said, 'and that was told to me, And this I have thought that another man thought of a Prince in Muscovy'—

And Peter twirled the jangling keys in weariness and wrath.

'Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought,' he said, 'and the tale is yet to run:

By the worth of the body that once ye had, give answer—what ha' ye done?'"

BISHOP OF PANOPOLIS.

"ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, on Van Ness avenue, was crowded to the doors yesterday morning, the occasion being the consecration of Rev. Father Gulstan P. Ropert as Bishop of the Hawaiian Islands.

"Among the immense congregation were several natives of Hawaii, who had come here to be present at the ceremony.

"It was a spectacle of great pomp and magnificence.

"The beautiful interior of the sacred edifice, the brilliant lights and colors around the altar, and the clergy, with their scarlet and white vestments and the insignia of their higher offices, formed a picture of rare grandeur and impressiveness.

"There were about forty clergy within the altar-rails, including, besides the celebrants, Bishop Nichols, of the Greco-Russian Church, and several visiting priests.

"The consecration ceremony was commenced by the celebration of pontifical high mass, in which Bishop Scanlan, of Salt Lake City, and Bishop Mora, of Los Angeles, assisted.

"Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan was the celebrant; very Rev. Father Prendergast assistant priest, Rev. Father York deacon of the mass, Rev. Father Doran sub-deacon of the mass, Rev. Fathers P. Gray and Patrick Scanlan deacons of honor, Rev. Fathers Montgomery, Kirby and Imoda masters of ceremonies, Rev. Father Crowley chaplain to Bishop Scanlan, Rev. William Dye chaplain to Bishop Mora, Rev. Fathers Valentine and Renaudier attendants on the new Bishop.

"Censer-bearer, Francis Leonard; boat-bearer, Council J. Goodell; acolytes, Richard A. Donne, William A. Hughes, Aloysius Mallon and John Kelly; book-bearers, Robert G. Drady and Cornelius E. Kennedy; candle-bearer, John H. Wilson; apron-bearer, Edward M. Deasy; crosier-bearer, James J. O'Dea; miter-bearer, Charles V. A. Drady; cross-bearers, James J. King, Daniel A. Ryan and Aloysius Dunnigan; leaders, Stanislaus E. Ranken and Thomas M. Deasy.

"The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Sasia, of the Society of Jesus. He took for his text: 'Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God; but how shall they hear unless they have a preacher, and how shall he preach unless he be sent?'

"He drew a beautiful comparison between civil and religious society. God was the author of both. But in civil society he leaves men to choose their form of government, but in religious society he chooses his own way.

"The sermon was a learned disquisition on the

establishment of the divine institution of the Church, the central thought being that a man to preach the word of God must be sent by God to so preach it.

"The consecration ceremony was most solemn and impressive. Archbishop Riordan took his seat on a gold stool which had been placed on a small platform in front of the altar.

"The distinguished prelate read the office of consecration, the priests forming themselves into a picturesque group around the celebrant and Bishop-elect.

"During the reading of the office the Bishop-elect prostrated himself out at full length on the carpet, face down, until the Archbishop told him to rise and approach the altar.

"He was then annointed and made his profession of faith.

"Before the conclusion of the mass the new Bishop bestowed his blessing upon the worshipers.

"The music, under the direction of the organist, Professor Eisner, was in keeping with the solemnity and grandeur of the occasion, and was finely rendered by the well-trained choir.

"It began with the Hawaiian national hymn, organ and solo. The 'Kyrie,' Mozart's Twelfth, followed. After the consecration of the Bishop the 'Gloria' and balance of Mozart's Twelfth were sung. The offertory was Diabelli's 'Gaudeamus,' in which Miss Clara McGowan and S. J. Sandy sustained the leading parts. The grand 'Et Incarnatus Est' was sung by Charles Gottung, tenor.

The sopranos and altos were: Clara McGowan, Minnie Byrne, Jennie Hally, Mary Higgins, Mary McGowan, Matilda Pauba, Agnes McNamara, Ida Hayes, Nellie Kenney, Josephine Short, Julia Sullivan, Sophie Trade, Mary Short, M. Mohun and M. Stevens.

"Tenors and basses: Charles Gottung, James Lane, H. B. Sullivan, S. J. Sandy, J. Cathcart, William O'Brien, Felix Schoenstein, and S. Schroeder.

"The ceremony commenced at 10:30 o'clock, and did not conclude till nearly 2 o'clock.

"The new Bishop, who has been a missionary in the Hawaiian Islands for twenty-five years, will bear the title of Bishop of Panopolis in partibus. He is the fourth Bishop who has been appointed to the episcopate of these islands, his immediate predecessor being Bishop Hermann, who died last February.

"He will return to Honolulu on Wednesday morning by the steamer *Australia*, accompanied by Father Valentine, who came with him to witness the consecration ceremonies."—*S. F. Call, Sept. 26, 1892.*

MANY QUESTIONS UNANSWERED.

"Who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty?"
—*John Milton.*

"WITH strongest, brightest sunshine come deepest shadows ever! Are there no shadows seen or known in your much-loved Hawaii?

"Is it all rainbow, rich skies of fairest white and truest blue? Is naught engendered there but kindest brotherly love, the help of true, unselfish friendship, unwearied and untiring Christian charity—in the Church, in affairs of State, in home and social life? Is all as fair within as nature is without?

"Does Man lose all that is self-seeking, ambitious and grasping, wherein it would wrong and wound, yea, ruin his neighbor's work or home, or fame or fortune? Is there, I ask you, no deception, hypocrisy, unfairness, entire and wholesale lack of truth, to be known in this 'little kingdom by the sea.' Are there no masks worn, no hearts broken? Is shame, wickedness, crime a form never seen in home, nor shop, nor street?"

What would you have me to say, my friend inquisitive, more than I have already written?

When a guest comes to see us, if we are well-to-do

we lead them from the very door—we go to the carriage to greet and welcome to our home the friends we love. We take them through the vestibule and hall, however grand and splendid these may be, into the drawing-room, the dainty reception-room! We hasten to swing wide the doors of library, conservatory and ante-rooms for their more perfect freedom and enjoyment—we invite them soon to the heart of our home, our family-table—we offer to them our favorite and well-tried dishes; and we, virtually, insist that they shall, for the time of their stay, make our home *their* home, to all intents and purposes.

We strive to keep far out of sight—out of their minds at least—the daily ordering of our house. We determine that they shall ride and drive, eat and drink, sleep and rest, and enjoy each day better than its fellow that preceded it!

We will not repeat to them—no, indeed!—our mental cares and anxieties, even if we own such; but, will gladly suggest a help or remedy for what they may choose to confide to us!

You say: “You *know* that there is a skeleton in every family! It is full-grown, perfect, white, shining, smooth and brittle, like to pipe-clay, somewhat!—kept locked up, always, in a closet of its own!”

Mystery upon mystery!

Then I have never had the key handed me, or seen the door open; and I have often, in visiting, been up to the observatory or look-out!

To be frank, my questioner, as you describe the

secret, I should wish to decline visiting the ghastly museum; and hope that the key would ever get mislaid while I was an inmate of the dwelling.

In every well-ordered large family there should be, I am sure, an attempt made to keep one dark room or store-closet in the middle of the house (on the floor with the library and dining-room if possible); a room where the too-glaring light of day cannot get down into it from above, nor climb up into it from below! A room set apart entirely for family jars, jams, preserves, and pickles of all sorts, of home make and of foreign importation! Nuts hard to crack and otherwise; old cheese well-brandied, crocks of olives, Malaga raisins, Messina oranges, Sicily lemons, Smyrna figs, coffee from *Kona* and Java and Mocha, choice Young Hyson, Souchong and Imperial, silver boxes of seed-cake, biscuits, etc., cases, baskets, jugs, bottles, demijohns, and what more shall I say? The fragrance of such a store-room is always as delightful as a dairy filled with rich butter, and where the cows have waded in white clover!

There are the peculiar conditions belonging always to an island life, and here, in Hawaii, most intricate and perplexing.

The relation of the Native to the Foreigner and *vice versa* — the half-caste, the American, English, German, Portuguese, Scandinavian, Japanese, Chinese and the rest, resident in these islands of mid-ocean, with their separate but determined interests; the wonderful climate and productions; the immense sugar

interests; the "great expectations"; the court; the social, and home, and plantation life; the amusements and recreations; the schools; the different religious beliefs; the constant coming and going of war vessels and steamers, merchant ships and whalers, with all the inter-island craft, all together supplying a rich and varied theme for the writer.

In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892, the United States alone received Hawaiian products, chiefly sugar, to the value of \$8,075,881. Total exports over \$100 for every man, woman or child in the Hawaiian Islands.

ALOHA! HAWAII NEL.

A HAWAIIAN DISCOURSE ON BREAD AND WINE.

"And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good."—*Genesis*, i, 31.

"And Melchizedek, king of Salem, brought forth bread and wine; and he was the priest of the Most High God."—*Genesis*, xiv, 18.

THE brown man—the poor native—was not (like to his poor brother, the red man, the much-to-be-pitied-and-to-be-helped Indian) good stuff out of which to make the drunkard. He had lived mostly on *poi* and fish; he had not followed the chase nor eaten of the spoil. And to-day, even, the Hawaiian cannot be said to covet nor desire the food or drink of the European. But with the white man there came (I regret to say) rum; and with the yellow man there came (worse yet) opium. In this Hawaii—this richest chain of seven gems—in its chief, even in its capital city,—its "pretty little Honolulu"—is to be seen door after door wide open, with tempting array of glass and bottle, and strains of music are to be heard within to lure the native to quick destruction!

Again, all through and over this country is to be found in choicest and most easily-to-be-got-at spots,

the childlike and bland John, with his neat, compact, tidy little shop, where can be found colored neckerchiefs, of brightest, most radiant dye, calico, spurs, saddles, scissors, beads, brass jewelry, sweet cakes, etc. (offered to tempt and gratify the precise wants of the native), together with fire-water and opium (*sub rosa*). This is the one fiend portrait I dare not cover.

“’Tis true ’tis pity ; and pity ’tis ’tis true.”

All this evil is to the native an acquired taste—not to the manner born! Certainly there is the native liquor ; but it is not always made, nor always attainable, nor in common use—it does not flow like water, on every roadside, at a *kinne-kinne* a glass!

The pure, sweet heart of the wheat—the blood of the grape—types of man’s spiritual food, his soul’s refreshment in the journey of life. Bread and wine—sweet bread, pure wine—his material food, his staff and stimulant! When the Blessed Saviour turned sixty gallons of water into wine at the wedding feast he meant there should be no stint. When he fed the multitude there was enough and to spare! God makes no mistakes. There is wheat enough to feed his children, and hillsides enough in Tropics and in Temperates to add the wine. God never meant there should be hunger or thirst—spiritual or physical. He is still multiplying the bread, still willing to feed the multitude—still turning water into wine. “I am the true vine, and My Father is the husbandman.” Many climbers, but one vine! Good bread (as a rule) is an

unknown quantity, so to speak, at the Islands. Fine, rich, home-made bread, with a heart in it, is very rare, exceptional. However, I did see it when living in the purple, on certain state occasions, or royal visits. Never mind where. I found good bread—in spots. One trouble is, to make good bread in these warm climates is a great care, you can readily understand; and any extra work there is a burden against which cook and housekeeper rebel. And so baker's bread slips into the household and keeps undisputed sway. And such bread! gracious me! It would be sacrilege, desecration, vandalism to compare it kindly to the delicious wheaten loaf of high civilization, and I plead—not guilty! The little wizen-faced, chalky, chaffy affair! “No use,” as the natives say.

I am, indeed, in love with the poet who wrote—summed up—all of man's earthly need, in three lines:

“A loaf of bread, a jug of wine,
And thou singing beside me—
And wilderness were paradise enow,”

Food, drink and companionship—the simple needs of life.

The old saying that “Good flour is bread half made” would hold true to a certain extent, even in that climate, if used. But much of it is very inferior in quality. If bread be the staff of life, then the health and strength of a community depends more or less upon the quality eaten.

“And His disciples say unto Him, Whence should

we have so much bread in the wilderness, as to fill so great a multitude? And Jesus saith unto them, How many loaves have ye? And they said, Seven, and a few little fishes.

“And he took the seven loaves and the fishes, and gave thanks, and brake them, and gave to His disciples, and the disciples to the multitude. And they did all eat, and were filled; and they took up of the broken meat that was left seven baskets full.” (*St. Matthew*, xv, 33.)

“And they did all eat, and were filled. And they took up twelve baskets full of the fragments, and of the fishes. And they that did eat of the loaves were about five thousand men.” (*St. Mark*, vi, 42.)

“And Jesus said, Make the men sit down. Now, there was much grass in the place. So the men sat down, in number about five thousand.

“And Jesus took the loaves; and when He had given thanks, He distributed to the disciples, and the disciples to them that were set down; and likewise of the fishes as much as they would.

“When they were filled, He said unto His disciples, Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.

“Therefore they gathered them together, and filled twelve baskets with the fragments of the five barley loaves, which remained over and above unto them that had eaten.

“Then those men, when they had seen the miracle that Jesus did, said, This is of a truth that

Prophet that should come into the world." (*St. John*, vi, 10-14.)

"And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.

"Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you. Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood, ye have no life in you.

"Whoso eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day.

"For My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed.

"He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, dwelleth in Me and I in him.

"As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me.

"This is that bread which came down from heaven: not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead: he that eateth of this bread shall live forever." (*St. John*, vi, 35, 53-58.)

"And when they wanted wine the mother of Jesus saith unto Him, They have no wine.

"And there were set there six water-pots of stone, after the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece.

"Jesus saith unto them, Fill the water-pots with water. And they filled them up to the brim.

"And He saith unto them, Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bare it.

“When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was (but the servants which drew the water knew), the governor of the feast called the bridegroom,

“And saith unto him, Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now.

“This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory; and His disciples believed on him.” (*St. John*, ii, 3, 6–11.)

“And Melchizedek, king of Salem, brought forth bread and wine; and he was the priest of the most high God.” (*Genesis*, xiv, 18.)

“And as they were eating, Jesus took bread and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is My body.

“And He took the cup, and gave thanks and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it;

“For this is My blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.

“But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in My Father’s kingdom.

“And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives.” (*St. Matthew*, xxvi, 26–30.)

“Here’s a health to those that I love;
Here’s a health to those that love me;
Here’s a health to those that love them that I love,
And to those that love them that love me.”

And here I quaff a bumper of pure Angelica and invert my glass—my dear little, priceless heirloom, my egg-shell tumbler.

ALOHA OE, HAWAII, NEI!

“LE ROI EST MORT! VIVE LA REINE!”

DAVID KALAKAUA, King of Hawaii, died in San Francisco at the Palace Hotel, at 2:33 o'clock in the afternoon of January 20, 1891.

During the morning, four doctors were in attendance. They consulted and announced that in their opinion the King would not live more than a few hours. He had then been unconscious for nearly forty hours, with the exception of one brief moment in the early morning, when he spoke to Colonel Baker, saying: “Well, I am a very sick man.” These were his last intelligible words, for though he afterwards murmured as his strength failed him and he advanced deeper into the valley of the shadow of death, his words were only the babblings of delirium. He spoke in his native tongue, and again wandered upon the beach of Hawaii and gazed out upon the broad Pacific. All royalty and pomp were forgotten in the mind of the dying King, who seemed, as he died, to be in a swoon.

Kneeling at the bedside, Rev. J. Sanders Reed recited the Twenty-third Psalm, “The Lord is my shepherd.” At 1:34 o'clock, Rev. J. Sanders Reed said: “Shall we kneel and have the Commendatory Prayer?”

The minister then continued to read prayers and recite hymns, among the latter being, "Rock of Ages," "All hail the power of Jesus' name," and "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds to a believer's ears." At 2:20 o'clock it was apparent that death was only a few moments off. Rev. Dr. Reed again read a psalm, and the Rev. Dr. Church sang Newman's hymn, "Abide with Me." A few moments later, Dr. Reed kneeled at the bedside and began to pray, his petitions being joined in by all present. "O Lord! O Jesus Christ!" said the clergyman, "we pray Thee to look upon this, Thy servant, whose spirit is about to appear before Thee, and we ask for him Thy blessing. O Jesus, as Thou hast led him on through life, take him, we pray Thee, to Thy bosom now. We commend his spirit to Thy trust. Grant him, O"— The prayer suddenly ceased for a moment; the people rose; the King had ceased to breathe. It seemed that he was dead. For half a minute his body was motionless and not a sound escaped it, and then, with a sigh that seemed to partake of both a sob and a groan, his respiration continued. "Grant him, O Lord, eternal life. Lord Jesus, grant him Thy eternal Spirit. Grant him a moment of conscious faith that he may have Thy consolation and Thy mercy. O Lord, come into his heart and"— Again the breath had left the dying monarch. As before, he was to all appearances dead, but again the last few sparks of life within the body asserted themselves, and again, with a sob, the air rushed into his lungs. —"cleanse his soul. O Lord

Jesus Christ, be with him yet in the body, so that he may be present faultless before the Holy of Holies with every joy. Grant him, O Lord, eternal rest." Once again the respiration of the King ceased. Now his eyes turned upward to the heaven to which the petition in his behalf was so devoutly addressed. It was a moment of intense suspense. Half a minute passed; no one moved; a minute, and a sign went around the room. Kalakaua was dead. It was 2:33 o'clock. "O Christ, hear us," continued the minister. "O Lord, have mercy upon us, and Thou who takest away the sins of the world, look down upon us and hear our prayers, that he who has passed away shall sit with the Father, who is everlasting. Such is our prayer." He ceased.

Kalakaua I. was born on November 16, 1836, and was in his fifty-fifth year. Kapiolani, who, by the death of her husband, becomes the Queen-dowager of Hawaii, was born on December 31, 1835, and was married to the late King nearly a quarter of a century ago. She is a lady of refinement and education, and, by her simple habits and manifold charities, has rendered her name a household word among the poor and sick of her kingdom. She is a devout member of the English Church.

Her Royal Highness, sister of King Kalakaua, now Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii, was born in Honolulu, September 2, 1838. She is a woman of fine intellect and remarkable executive ability. On September 16, 1862, she was married to John Owen Dominis, who,

on the accession of her brother to the throne, became the Governor of the Island of Oahu and a member of the King's Privy Council. The Queen is a member of Kaumakapili Church—Presbyterian.

On the arrival at Honolulu of the United States ship *Charleston*, on January 29th, with the remains of the late monarch, Kalakaua, the grief of the Hawaiians knew no bounds, and the excitement was intense. The entire population turned into the streets. The natives gave vent in their peculiar heart-rending style to the *mele*, or chant of grief, and lighted the torches that, in accordance with their traditions, are only to be burned for dead royalty.

As the procession from the *Charleston*, bearing the remains of the dead King, was entering the palace grounds, a beautiful rainbow was seen above, spanning the place. Few have been seen that equaled this one in brilliancy.

" A pavilion it seemed which the Deity graced,
And Justice and Mercy met there, and embraced."

The funeral was arranged for February 15th, from the Iolani Palace, at 11 o'clock. It was conducted in accordance with the rites of the Episcopal Church, of which he was a member, by Rt. Rev. Alfred Willis, D. D., Bishop of Honolulu.

The body was deposited in the mausoleum erected by Kalakaua at a great expense, and in which are the remains of his family as well as those of the line of Kamehameha.

- " Now the laborer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past:
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- " There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- " There the sinful souls, that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- " There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- " ' Earth to earth, and dust to dust,'
Calmly now the words we say,
Leaving him to sleep in trust
Till the Resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious-keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

APPENDIX

DRIFT.

"Now thou knowest my drift."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY—SEPTEMBER, 1892.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty the Queen, LILIUOKALANI.
Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, KAPIOLANI.
Her Royal Highness Princess VICTORIA-KAWEKIU-KAIULANI-
LUNALILO-KALANINUIAHILAPALAPA, Heir Apparent.
His Excellency ARCHIBALD SCOTT CLEGHORN, Father to the
Heir Presumptive.
Her Royal Highness VIRGINIA KAPOOLOKU POOMAIKELANI.
His Highness Prince DAVID KAWANANAKOA.
His Highness Prince JONAH KUHIO KALANIANAOLE.
Her Majesty's Chamberlain, Major JAMES W. ROBERTSON.

THE CABINET.

His Excellency Samuel Parker, Foreign Affairs.
His Excellency H. A. Widemann, Finance.
His Excellency C. N. Spencer, Interior.
His Excellency W. A. Whiting, Attorney General.

SUPREME COURT.

(Offices and Court-room in Government Building, King street.
Sitting in Honolulu—First Monday in January,
April, July and October.)

Hon. A. F. Judd, Chief Justice.
Hon. R. F. Bickerton, First Associate Justice.
Hon. S. B. Dole, Second Associate Justice.
Henry Smith, Chief Clerk.
Fred Wundenberg, Deputy Clerk.
George Lucas, Jr., Second Deputy Clerk.
J. Walter Jones, Stenographer.

GOVERNOR OF OAHU.

His Excellency A. S. Cleghorn.

DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

(Office in Government Building, King street.)

His Excellency Samuel Parker, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Frank P. Hastings, Secretary.

W. Horace Wright, Ed. Stiles, Prince Kawananakoa, Clerks.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

(Office in Government Building, King street.)

His Excellency Charles N. Spencer, Minister of the Interior.

Chief Clerk, John A. Hassinger.

Assistant Clerks: James H. Boyd, Geo. E. Smithies, M. K. Keohokalole, James Aholo, Stephen Mahaulu, George C. Ross.

Chiefs of Bureaus, Interior Department.

Surveyor General, W. D. Alexander.

Superintendent Public Works, Henry W. McIntosh.

Superintendent Water Works, J. C. White.

Inspector Electric Lights, John Cassidy.

Registrar of Conveyances, T. G. Thrum.

Deputy Registrar, Malcolm Brown.

Road Supervisor Honolulu, W. H. Cummings.

Chief Engineer Fire Department, Julius C. Asche.

Insane Asylum, Dr. A. McWayne.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE.

(Office in Government Building, King street.)

Minister of Finance, His Excellency H. A. Widemann.

Auditor General, Geo. J. Ross.

Registrar of Accounts, Frank S. Pratt.

Clerk to Finance Office, Carl Widemann.

Collector General of Customs, Hon. A. S. Cleghorn.

Tax Assessor Oahu, C. A. Brown.

Postmaster General, Walter Hill.

CUSTOMS BUREAU.

(Office in Custom House, Esplanade, Fort street.)

Collector General, Hon. A. S. Cleghorn.

Deputy Collector, Geo. E. Boardman.

Harbor Master, Capt. A. Fuller.

Port Surveyor, Clarence Crabbe.

Storekeeper, Frank B. McStockler.

DEPARTMENT OF ATTORNEY GENERAL.

(Office in Government Building, King street.)

Attorney General, His Excellency W. Austin Whiting.

Deputy Attorney General, Charles Creighton, Esq..

Clerk, John M. Kea.

Marshal of the Kingdom, Hon. Chas. B. Wilson.

Deputy Marshals, Gardner K. Wilder and J. A. Mehrten.

Jailor Oahu Prison, A. N. Tripp.

Prison Physician, Dr. C. A. Peterson.

BOARD OF IMMIGRATION.

(Office Department of Interior, Government Building, Kingstreet.)

President, His Excellency C. N. Spencer.

Members of Board of Immigration: C. N. Spencer, President;

Hon. J. B. Atherton, James B. Castle, Hon. A. S. Cleghorn,

James G. Spencer, Mark P. Robinson.

Secretary, Wray Taylor.

BOARD OF HEALTH.

(Office in grounds of Government Building, corner of Milllani and Queen streets.)

President, David Dayton.

Secretary, Charles Wilcox.

Members: D. Dayton, J. O. Carter, His Excellency Hon. Samuel

Parker, J. T. Waterhouse, Jr., John F. Colburn.

Port Physician, Dr. G. Trousseau.

Dispensary, Dr. H. McGrew.

Leper Settlement, Dr. R. K. Oliver.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

(Office in Government Building, King street.)

President, Hon. C. R. Bishop.

Secretary, W. James Smith.

Inspector of Schools, A. T. Atkinson.

POLICE COURT.

(Police Station Building, Merchant street.)

William Foster, Magistrate.

William S. Wond, Clerk.

FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES IN HONOLULU.

Diplomatic.

United States — Minister Resident, His Excellency John L.

Stevens; residence, Nuuanu Avenue.

- Portugal—Charge d'Affaires and Consul General, Senhor A. de Souza Canavarro; residence, Beretania street.
Great Britain—Commissioner and Consul General, Major James Hay Wodehouse; residence, Emma street.
Japan—Diplomatic Agent and Consul General, Mr. Taizo Masaki; residence, Nuuanu Avenue.
France—Consul and Commissioner, A. Vizzavona (acting). W. M. Giffard, acting Chancellor.

Consular.

- United States—H. W. Severance, Consul General; W. Porter Boyd, U. S. Vice and Deputy Consul General.
Italy—F. A. Schaefer, Consul.
Peru—A. J. Cartwright, Consul.
Netherlands—J. H. Paty, Consul.
Germany—H. F. Glade, Consul.
Austro-Hungary—H. F. Glade, Consul.
China—Goo Kim, Commercial Agent.
Sweden and Norway—H. W. Schmidt, Consul.
Spain—H. Renjes, Vice-Consul.
Denmark—H. R. Macfarlane, Consul. Hon. E. C. Macfarlane (acting).
Belgium—J. F. Hackfeld, Consul.
Russia—J. F. Hackfeld, Acting Vice-Consul.
Great Britain—T. R. Walker, Vice-Consul.
Chile—F. A. Schaefer, Consul.
Mexico—H. Renjes, Consul.

PRINCIPAL HAWAIIAN REPRESENTATIVES ABROAD.

United States.

- Washington, D. C.—His Excellency Hon. J. Mott Smith, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary.
New York—E. H. Allen, Consul General.
San Francisco—D. A. McKinley, Consul General for the Pacific States (California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington).
Boston—Lawrence Bond, Consul.
Portland, Oregon—J. McCracken, Consul.
Port Townsend—James G. Swan, Consul.
Seattle—G. R. Carter, Consul.
Philadelphia—Robert H. Davis, Consul.
San Diego—J. W. Girvin.
Mexico—Colonel W. J. De Gress.
Manzanillo—Robert James Barney.

Great Britain.

London—A. Hoffnung, Charge d'Affaires; S. B. Francis Hoffnung, Secretary of Legation.
Manley Hopkins—Consul.
Liverpool—Harold Janion, Consul.
Bristol—Mark Whitwell, Consul.
Hull—W. Moran, Consul.
Newcastle on Tyne—E. Biesterfeld, Consul.
Falmouth—W. S. Broad, Consul.
Dover (and the Cinque Ports)—Francis William Prescott, Consul.
Cardiff and Swansea—H. Goldberg, Consul.
Edinburgh and Leith—E. G. Buchanan, Consul.
Glasgow—James Dunn, Consul.
Dundee—J. G. Zoller, Consul.
Dublin—R. Jas. Murphy, Vice Consul.
Queenstown—George B. Dawson, Consul.
Belfast—W. A. Ross, Consul.

British Colonies.

Toronto, Ontario—J. Enoch Thompson, Consul General; Col. Geo. A. Shaw, Vice Consul.
St. John, N. B.—Allan O. Cruikshank, Consul.
Yarmouth, N. S.—Ed. F. Clements, Vice Consul.
Victoria, B. C.—R. P. Richet, Vice Consul.
Vancouver, B. C.—G. A. Fraser, Consul.
Sydney, N. S. W.—Ernest O. Smith, Consul General.
Melbourne, Victoria—G. N. Oakley, Consul.
Brisbane, Queensland—Alex. B. Webster, Consul.
Hobart, Tasmania—Capt. Hon. Audley Coote, Consul.
Launceston, Tasmania—George Collins, Vice Consul.
Newcastle, N. S. W.—W. H. Moulton, Vice Consul.
Auckland, N. Z.—D. B. Cruikshank, Consul.
Dunedin, N. Z.—Henry Driver, Consul.
Hongkong, China—Hon. J. Johnstone Keswick, Acting Consul General.
Shanghai, China—Hon. J. Johnstone Keswick, Consul.

France and Colonies.

Paris—Alfred Houle, Charge d'Affaires and Consul General.
Marseilles—G. du Cayla, Consul.
Bordeaux—Ernest de Boissac, Consul.
Dijon—H. F. J. Vieilhomme, Consul.
Papeete, Tahiti—A. F. Bonet, Consul.

Spain.

Barcelona—Enrique Minguez, Consul General.
Cadiz—J. Shaw, Consul.

Portugal and Colonies.

Lisbon—A. Fereira de Serpa, Consul General.
Oporto—Narcizo T. M. Ferro, Consul.
Madeira—J. Rodriguez, Consul.
St. Michaels—A. de S. Moreira, Consul.
Cape Vincent, Cape de Verde Islands—Clarimundo Martins, Vice Consul.

Italy.

Rome—James Clinton Hooker, Consul General.

Holland.

Amsterdam—D. H. Schmuil, Consul General.
Dordrecht—P. J. Bouwman, Consul.

Japan:

Tokio—R. W. Irwin, Minister Resident.
Hiogo and Osaka—S. Endicott.

FOREIGN OFFICE NOTICE.

“Her Majesty’s Government having accepted the invitation of the United States of America to participate in the World’s Columbian Exposition to be held in Chicago, in 1893, I have, by and with the consent of the Cabinet in council, appointed the gentlemen hereinafter named to act as Honorary Commissioners, to organize, and arrange for, an exhibit on behalf of Hawaii; they to act as such Commissioners until the Legislature of the Kingdom shall pass the necessary laws to provide for the representation of the Kingdom at such Exposition:

“His Excellency Hon. Samuel Parker, President.

“Hon. John Adams Cummins, Vice-President.

"Hon. E. C. Macfarlane, Secretary.

"John A. Hassinger, Esq., Treasurer.

"FOR OAHU—Hon. John A. Cummins, Hon. Joseph B. Atherton and Hon. C. P. Iaukea.

"FOR KAUAI—Hon. W. H. Rice, Hon. Paul P. Kanoa and Francis Gay.

"FOR MAUI—Hon. Henry P. Baldwin, Hon. William H. Cornwell and John Richardson.

"FOR HAWAII—Hon. F. S. Lyman, E. G. Hitchcock, Esq., and Hon. D. H. Nahinu.

"COMMISSIONERS AT LARGE—Hon. Sandford B. Dole, Hon. W. D. Alexander, Lorrin A. Thurston, Esq., Hon. Edward C. Macfarlane, John A. Hassinger, Esq., Albert Jaeger, Esq., B. F. Dillingham, Esq., W. O. Smith, Esq., T. G. Thrum, Esq., C. Hedeman, Esq., W. G. Irwin, F. P. Hastings, John H. Paty, A. J. Cartwright, J. F. Hackfeld, E. G. Hitchcock, A. Herbert, G. W. Smith, E. H. Bailey, S. M. Damon, C. A. Brown, H. F. Wichman, W. B. Oleson, M. M. Scott, W. T. Brigham, J. S. Emerson, R. Lishman, A. B. Lyons, C. J. Lyons, Walter Hill, G. Bertram, G. C. Beckley, John Ena, Thomas Flynn Walker, W. M. Giffard.

"SAMUEL PARKER,

"Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"Foreign Office, Honolulu, November 14th."

A PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

"We, citizens and residents of the Hawaiian Islands, organized and acting for the public safety and the common good, hereby proclaim as follows:

"1. The Hawaiian Monarchical system of Government is hereby abrogated.

"2. A Provisional Government for the control and management of public affairs and the protection of the public peace is hereby established, to exist until

terms of union with the United States of America have been negotiated and agreed upon.

"3. Such Provisional Government shall consist of an Executive Council of four Members, who are hereby declared to be S. B. Dole, J. A. King, P. C. Jones, W. O. Smith, who shall administer the Executive Departments of the Government, the first-named acting as President and Chairman of such Council and administering the Department of Foreign Affairs, and the others severally administering the Departments of Interior, Finance, and Attorney General, respectively, in the order in which they are above enumerated, according to existing Hawaiian laws as far as may be consistent with this proclamation; and also of an Advisory Council, which shall consist of fourteen members, who are hereby declared to be S. M. Damon, A. Brown, L. A. Thurston, J. F. Morgan, J. Emmeluth, H. Waterhouse, J. A. McCandless, E. D. Tenney, F. W. McChesney, F. Wilhelm, W. R. Castle, W. G. Ashley, W. C. Wilder, C. Bolte. Such Advisory Council shall have general legislative authority. Such Executive and Advisory Councils shall, acting jointly, have power to remove any member of either Council, and to fill such, or any other vacancy.

"4. All officers under the existing Government are hereby requested to continue to exercise their functions and perform the duties of their respective offices, with the exception of the following named persons: Queen Liliuokalani, Charles B. Wilson, Marshal; Samuel Parker, Minister of Foreign Affairs; W. H.

Cornwell, Minister of Finance; John F. Colburn, Minister of the Interior; Arthur P. Peterson, Attorney General—who are hereby removed from office.

“5. All Hawaiian laws and Constitutional principles not inconsistent herewith shall continue in force until further order of the Executive and Advisory Councils.

“ [Signed] HENRY E. COOPER, *Chairman.*

“ ANDREW BROWN,

“ THEODORE F. LANSING,

“ JOHN EMMELUTH,

“ C. BOLTE,

“ ED. SUHR,

“ HENRY WATERHOUSE,

“ W. C. WILDER,

“ F. W. MCCHESENEY,

“ WM. O. SMITH,

“ LORRIN A. THURSTON,

“ WM. R. CASTLE,

“ J. A. McCANDLESS,

“ *Committee of Safety.*

“ Honolulu, H. I., January 17, 1893.”

The following orders were issued:

“ HONOLULU, H. I., January 17, 1893.

“ PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

“ [Order No. 1.]

“ All persons favorable to the Provisional Govern-

ment of the Hawaiian Islands are hereby requested to forthwith report to the Government at the Government Building, to furnish the Government such arms and ammunition as they may have in their possession or control, as soon as possible, in order that efficient and complete protection to life and property and the public peace may immediately and efficiently be put into operation.

"[Signed] SANFORD B. DOLE,

"J. A. KING,

"P. C. JONES,

"W. O. SMITH,

*"Executive Council of the Provisional Government
of the Hawaiian Islands.*

"JOHN EMMELUTH,

"ANDREW BROWN,

"C. BOLTE,

"JAMES F. MORGAN,

"HENRY WATERHOUSE,

"S. M. DAMON,

"W. G. ASHLEY,

"E. D. TENNEY,

"F. W. MCCHESENEY,

"W. C. WILDER,

"J. A. MCCANDLESS,

"W. R. CASTLE,

"LORRIN A. THURSTON,

"F. J. WILHELM,

*"Advisory Council of the Provisional Government
of the Hawaiian Islands."*

"HONOLULU, H. I., January 17, 1893.

"PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

"[Order No. 2.]

"It is hereby ordered and decreed that until further ordered, the right of the writ of *habeas corpus* is hereby suspended, and martial law is hereby declared to exist throughout the Island of Oahu.

"SANFORD B. DOLE,

"*Minister of Foreign Affairs.*

"J. A. KING,

"*Minister of the Interior.*

"P. C. JONES,

"*Minister of Finance.*

"WILLIAM O. SMITH,

"*Attorney General.*

"*Executive Council of the Provisional Government
of the Hawaiian Islands.*"

"The Cabinet were summoned to surrender the Palace, Police Station and Barracks. They endeavored to gain time, but the Provisional Government insisted upon an immediate unconditional surrender. The Police Station was accordingly given up at once, the Queen retiring from the Palace, and the barracks being taken into possession the next day. The Cabinet noted the following protest:

"I, LILIUOKALANI, by the Grace of God and under the Constitution of the Hawaiian Kingdom, Queen, do

hereby solemnly protest against any and all acts done against myself and the Constitutional Government of the Hawaiian Kingdom by certain persons claiming to have established a Provisional Government of and for this Kingdom.

"That I yield to the superior force of the United States of America, whose Minister Plenipotentiary, His Excellency John L. Stevens, has caused United States troops to be landed at Honolulu, and declared that he would support the said Provisional Government.

"Now, to avoid any collision of armed forces, and perhaps the loss of life, I do under this protest, and impelled by said force, yield my authority until such time as the Government of the United States shall, upon the facts being presented to it, undo the action of its representative, and reinstate me in the authority which I claim as the Constitutional Sovereign of the Hawaiian Islands.

"Done at Honolulu this 17th day of January, A. D. 1893.

"[Signed] LILIUOKALANI, R.

"SAMUEL PARKER,

"*Minister of Foreign Affairs*

"WM. H. CORNWELL,

"*Minister of Finance.*

"JNO. F. COLBURN,

"*Minister of the Interior.*

"A. P. PETERSON,

"*Attorney General.*

"To S. B. DOLE, Esq., and others, composing the Provisional Government of the Hawaiian Islands.

"Endorsed: Received by the hands of the late Cabinet this 17th day of January, 1893.

"[Signed] SANFORD B. DOLE,
" *Chairman of Executive Council of
Provisional Government.*"

The steamer *Claudina* arrived in San Francisco January 27, 1893, with five Commissioners from the Provisional Government to the United States on board. The Commissioners are Lorrin A. Thurston (Chairman), William C. Wilder, William R. Castle, Charles I. Carter and Joseph Marsden. They proceeded to Washington on the first train. The Chairman is a Hawaiian by birth.

A PROTECTORATE.

On February 1st, a Protectorate was established over the Islands by United States Minister John L. Stevens, and the Stars and Stripes were hoisted over the Government Building in Honolulu. Among the passengers on the *Australia*, which brought this news, were Hon. Paul Neumann, Envoy Extraordinary to this country from the deposed Queen Liliuokalani, and Prince David Kawanakoa.

Following is the text of the proclamation of the United States Minister:

"To the Hawaiian People: At the request of the Provisional Government of the Hawaiian Islands, I hereby, in the name of the United States of America, assume protection of the Hawaiian Islands for the protection of life and property and occupation of public buildings and Hawaiian soil, so far as may be necessary for the purpose specified, but not interfering with the administration of public affairs by the Provisional Government.

"This action is taken pending and subject to negotiations at Washington.

"JOHN L. STEVENS,

*"Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary
of the United States.*

"United States Legation, February 1, 1893.

"Approved and executed by

"G. C. WILTSE, *Captain U. S. N.,*

"Commanding U. S. Ship Boston."

MESSAGE OF PRESIDENT HARRISON TO THE SENATE.

"I transmit herewith, with a view to ratification, a treaty of annexation concluded on the 14th day of February, 1893, by John W. Foster, Secretary of State, who was duly empowered to act in that behalf on the part of the United States, and Lorrin A. Thurston, W. R. Castle, W. C. Wilder, C. L. Carter and Joseph Mars-

den, the Commissioners on the part of the Provisional Government of the Hawaiian Islands.

"The treaty, it will be observed, does not attempt to deal in detail with questions that grow out of the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States. The Commissioners representing the Hawaiian Government have consented to leave to the future and to the just and benevolent purpose of the United States the adjustment of all such questions.

"I do not deem it necessary to discuss at any length the conditions which have resulted in this decisive action. It has been the policy of the Administration to not only respect but to encourage the continuance of the independent Government in the Hawaiian Islands so long as it afforded suitable guaranty for the protection of life and property and maintained a stability and strength that gave adequate security against the domination of any other power.

"The moral support of this Government has continually manifested itself in most friendly diplomatic relations and in many acts of courtesy to the Hawaiian rulers. The overthrow of the monarchy was not in any way prompted by this Government, but had its origin in what seems to have been a reactionary and revolutionary policy on the part of Queen Liliuokalani, which put in serious peril not only the large and preponderating interests of the United States in the Islands, but all foreign affairs, and indeed the decent administration of civil affairs and the peace of the Islands. It is quite evident that the

monarchy had become effete, and the Queen's Government so weak and inadequate as to be the prey of designing and unscrupulous persons. The restoration of Queen Liliuokalani to the throne is undesirable, if not impossible, and unless actively supported by the United States, would be accompanied by serious disaster and the disorganization of all business interests.

"The influence and interest of the United States in the Islands must be increased, not diminished. Only two courses are now open: one, the establishment of a protectorate by the United States, and the other, annexation, full and complete.

"I think the latter course, which has been adopted in the treaty, will be highly promotive of the best interests of the Hawaiian people, and is the only one that will secure the interests of the United States. These interests are not wholly selfish. It is essential that none of the other great powers secure these islands. Such a possession would not be consistent with our safety and with the peace of the world.

"This view of the situation is so apparent and conclusive that no protest has been heard from any Government, and I think there is a general concurrence in the opinion that the Queen ought not to be restored. Prompt action on this treaty is very desirable if it meets the approval of the Senate. Peace and good order will be secured in the islands under the existing laws until such time as Congress can provide by legislation a permanent form of government for the islands. This legislation should be, and I do not

doubt will be, not only just to the natives and all other residents and citizens of the islands, but should be characterized by great liberality and high regard to the rights of the people and all foreigners domiciled there. The correspondence which accompanies the treaty will put the Senate in possession of all the facts known to the Executive.

“ BENJAMIN HARRISON.

“ Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., }
February 15, 1893.” }

The documents laid before the Senate also contain the hitherto unpublished protest addressed by the ex-Queen to the President, which reads as follows:

“*His Excellency Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States*—MY GREAT AND GOOD FRIEND: It is with deep regret that I address you on this occasion. Some of my subjects, aided by aliens, have renounced their loyalty and revolted against the Constitutional Government of my kingdom. They have attempted to depose me and establish a Provisional Government in direct conflict with the organic law of this Kingdom. Upon receiving incontestable proof that His Excellency the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States aided and abetted their unlawful movements, and caused United States troops to be landed for the purpose, I submitted to force, believing that he would not have acted in that manner unless by the authority of the Government which he represents.

"This action on my part was prompted by three reasons: The futility of a conflict with the United States, the desire to avoid violence, bloodshed, and the destruction of life and property, and the certainty which I feel that you and your Government will right whatever wrongs may have been inflicted upon us in the premises. In due time a statement of the true facts relating to this matter will be laid before you, and I live in the hope that you will judge uprightly and justly between myself and my enemies. This appeal is not made for myself personally, but for my people, who have hitherto always enjoyed the friendship and protection of the United States.

"My opponents have taken the only vessel which could be obtained here for that purpose, and hearing of their intention to send a delegation of their number to present their side of this conflict before you, I requested the favor of sending by the same vessel an envoy to you to lay before you my statement as the facts appear to me and my loyal subjects. This request has been refused, and I now ask you that, in justice to myself and to my people, that no steps be taken by the Government of the United States until my cause can be heard by you. I shall be able to dispatch an envoy about the 2d day of February, as that will be the first available opportunity hence, and he will reach you with every possible haste, that there may be no delay in the settlement of this matter.

"I pray you, therefore, my good friend, that you will not allow any conclusions to be reached by you

until my envoy arrives. I beg to assure you of the continuance of my highest consideration.

“LILIUOKALANI, R.

“Honolulu, January 18, 1893.”

Paul Neuman and the Prince arrived in Washington on the night of February 17, 1893.

On February 22d, Princess Kaiulani and suite left England for Washington. The Princess arrived in New York March 1st, and on the 11th was tendered a reception by President and Mrs. Cleveland.

On March 9th, Cleveland sent his first executive communication to the Senate. In it he withdrew the treaty with Hawaii sent to the Senate a few weeks before by Mr. Harrison. The message was short, simply requesting the Senate to transmit to the Executive the proposed treaty with Hawaii.

James H. Blount, ex-Congressman from Georgia, Executive Commissioner to Hawaii, left San Francisco in the revenue cutter *Rush* for Honolulu, March 20th.

The Princess Kaiulani left New York for England March 22d.

On April 1st, shortly after the arrival of Commissioner Blount at the Hawaiian Islands, and by his order, the Hawaiian flag was raised over the Government Building. The United States troops were sent back to the *Boston*.

May 10th, James H. Blount was appointed United States Minister to Hawaii.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

DEAR, loving Kaiulani!—Good little Christian princess! One seems to hear the brave voice of a Kamehameha reaching out and on to loved Hawaii: “I am coming to plead with your great nation for my flag and my throne”; “I seem to hear the wail of my people for their country.” The “wail” of the Hawaiian!

The low, sad minor note of pain creeping out on the air at break of day, and gradually swelling and increasing in strength and weird, unearthly mournfulness, telling plainer than words could ever tell, of broken hearts. Never have I listened to sound more pathetic—sadder—than this Hawaiian cry of love for their dead!

The young Indian mother wailing and weeping for the new-born baby dead in her lap! The old, wrinkled and care-worn face of the lamenting Irish woman, rocking backwards and forwards on her tired knees at the side of the little mound in the “old burying-ground,” in dear New England, crooning in her loved native tongue—crying and wailing by turns, plucking the grass and chewing it, and pressing it back here and there in dots on Nature’s sweet blanket filled with white clover tops, above her loved dead!

The poor Portuguese peasant-woman of the Azores, over-worked and often hardly-used, wailing and crying, standing by her dead, with hands clasped on her bosom, swaying in an attitude of bitterest grief—"My baby—my baby!" The woman of English tongue and refined breeding, in darkened rooms—refusing to see or hear priest or people—refusing to listen to voice of husband or father—yea, wailing, too, for her dead—selfish in her great woe—"that God should take my baby from my arms—my beautiful, my darling one!" It is the same wail—the same great cry of loss and loneliness! "Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not!"

Have you listened to the bell of some quiet village church, tolling, tolling, tolling, in slow and measured strokes, fifty, sixty, seventy, breaking the still air in grief, and calling the villagers to come and show their love and reverence for the old man for whom the whole country-side is mourning and wailing? Have you heard the bells of a great city—as just now, for Phillips Brooks—clanging out that toll from "Old North End" to "New South End"—from the east side to the west side—telling in loud, emphatic, solemn tones to sun and air, to sea and sky—to all breathing and living things, to the very stones of the streets he loved to tread, that the great and good man has gone Home—a king has fallen in Israel? "Hear the tolling of the bells—Iron bells! What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!"

Have you heard the sounds in the far distance, but

coming on nearer and nearer, of some powerful and skillful band, the strains of whose "Dead March in Saul" made you tremble? Have you listened in some old cathedral church to tones sounding through nave and arch, "*Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine*"? Do you know what the wail of grief is in its deepest sense? Have you read of the wail, "Great Pan is dead!" that sounded through all creation when the crucified Saviour "yielded up the ghost"?

What was the wail of the Jewish race when their beloved city was made "an heap of stones"? What was heard in Rome when that beautiful and stately city was being laid low by an arch-fiend?

Did you hear our nation's wail throughout the length and breadth of the land—spanning seas, and leaping over mountains, when the cry went forth, "Abraham Lincoln is dead!"? Do you know what grief and pain and sorrow mean in music and in bell—in tempest and in storm—in winds and waves and bolder hurricane—in the sands of the desert—in the fierce forest fires—in the treacherous channels—and in the maelstrom of the Northern Ocean? What was the wail of Spain when she learned the loss of the Armada? What the grief of France when lovely Alsace and Lorraine must be ceded to the enemy?

What has been the chagrin and wail of England through all the years of the past century at the loss of— And here I pause and listen.

Now, if you can fathom perchance in some measure the once-heard-never-to-be-forgot wail of a poor native

of Hawaii at the death of a loved one—the wailing of the nation as they carry, tramp, tramp, tramp, their dead *alii* up the magnificent Nuuanu Valley road to the royal mausoleum at its head, with solemn blazing torch and banner, martial music and waving of *kahilis*—with rites of state and pomp—then (believe me) you will have learned but a single note in the Hawaiian gamut!

INFORMATION.

POINTS ABOUT HONOLULU.

POST OFFICE.

The Post Office is on Merchant street. Office hours—8 A. M. to 4 P. M., except Sundays. When mail steamer arrives after office hours, or on Sundays, mails are assorted as soon as delivered, and a general delivery made. Letters are not delivered in Honolulu by carriers, but must be inquired for at the delivery window of the Post Office. The Post Office Money Order system is in vogue with various foreign countries.

BANKS.

Bishop & Co., on Merchant street, and Claus Spreckels & Co., on Fort street, near Queen, offer opportunities for obtaining exchange on any part of the world.

(American currency is the standard throughout the Islands. Other coin may be exchanged at the banks at about the United States Treasury ruling rates.)

CUSTOM HOUSE.

The Custom House is situated on the Esplanade (as the lower part of Fort street is called), and the office hours are from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. The Port Surveyor has an office on the dock of the Oceanic Steamship Company.

HOTELS.

The Hawaiian Hotel is situated on Hotel street, near the Palace grounds; the terms reasonable.

The Eagle House is on Nuuanu Avenue. Mr. Krouse is proprietor. The Arlington House is on Hotel street, near Fort. Thomas Krouse, Proprietor.

PUBLICATIONS.

Daily Pacific Commercial Advertiser. Issued every morning (except Sundays). H. N. Castle, Editor. Office, Merchant street.

- Daily Bulletin.* Issued every evening (except Sundays). Daniel Logan, Editor and Manager. Office, Merchant street.
- Hawaiian Gazette (Weekly).* Issued on Tuesdays. H. M. Whitney, Manager. Office on Merchant street.
- The Friend.* Issued on the first of each month. Rev. S. E. Bishop, Editor. Office, Press Club Publishing Company, Bethel street.
- Planters' Monthly.* Issued on the 15th of each month. H. M. Whitney, Editor. Office, Merchant street.
- Honolulu Diocesan Magazine.* Published under direction of the Bishop of Honolulu.
- Anglican Church Chronicle.* Issued the first Saturday of every month. Rev. A. Mackintosh, Editor.
- Paradise of the Pacific.* Issued the middle of every month. Frank Godfrey, Editor. Office, King street.
- The Hawaiian Almanac and Annual.* T. G. Thrum, Publisher. Office, Fort street, near Hotel street.
- Kuokoa* (native). Issued every Saturday morning.
- Ka Leo* (Hawaiian—daily). John E. Bush, Editor and Proprietor. Office, Printers Lane.
- O Luso Hawaiiano* (Portuguese). Issued weekly.
- Hawaiian-Chinese News.* Issued weekly.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

- Central Union Church (Congregational), corner of Beretania and Richard streets, Rev. E. G. Beckwith, D. D., Pastor. Service every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-School meets one hour before morning service. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evenings at 7:30.
- Notre Dame du Paix (Roman Catholic) Cathedral. Fort street, near Beretania. Revs. Leonor and Clement. Services Sunday at 5 and 10 A. M. and 4:30 P. M. Low Mass every day at 6 and 7 A. M. High Mass Sundays and Saints' days at 10 A. M.
- St. Andrew's (Episcopal) Cathedral. Entrances on Emma street, Beretania street (opposite Hawaiian Hotel) and Emma Square. Clergy, Rt. Rev. Bishop Willis, Revs. Alexander Mackintosh, Vincent H. Kitcat. Services on Sunday—First congregation: Holy Communion at 6:30 A. M.; Morning prayer, with sermon, at 9:30 A. M.; Hawaiian Evensong, 3:30 P. M.; Evening prayer, with sermon, 6 P. M.; Holy Communion at 9:30 A. M. the last Sunday in each month; Sunday-school at 11 A. M.; Daily prayer at 7 A. M. and 5 P. M. Second Congregation—Services on Sun-

day: Morning prayer with sermon, 11:15 A.M.; Evening prayer with sermon, 7:30 P.M.; Holy Communion first Sunday in month at 11:15 A.M.; Sunday-school at 10 A.M.; Evening prayer, with address, every Wednesday at 7:30 P.M. Chinese Congregation, ———— in charge; Services on Sunday at 11:15 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.; Evening prayer every Wednesday at 7:30 P.M.

Christian Chinese Church, Fort street. ————, Acting Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.

Hawaiian (Native) Churches.

Kawaiahao Church (Congregational), corner King and Punchbowl streets, Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 11 A.M., and at 7:30 on Sunday evening, alternating with Kaumakapili. Sunday-school at 10 A.M. Prayer-meeting Wednesday at 7:30 P.M.

Kaumakapili Church (Congregational), Beretania street, near Maunakea. Rev. J. Waiamau, Pastor. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 10:30 A.M., and 7:30 P.M., alternating with Kawaiahao. Sunday-school at 9:30 A.M. Prayer-meeting every Wednesday at 7:30 P.M.

FOREIGN PASSAGE RATES.

Cabin passage per steamer, Honolulu and San Francisco, \$75; round trip tickets, good for 3 months, \$125.

Steerage passage per steamer, Honolulu and San Francisco, \$25.

Cabin passage per steamer, Honolulu to Hongkong or Japan, \$250.

Steerage passage per steamer, Honolulu to Japan, \$35.

Cabin passage per sail, Honolulu to Hongkong, \$60.

Steamers to and from San Francisco are two every four weeks—one direct and return, the other en route to or from Australia and New Zealand.

All through passengers are given a stop-over privilege on application to the Steamship Company, and as the direct Island steamer sails 10 days before the through steamer, it gives a tourist plenty of time to see considerable of Hawaii.

Steamers from San Francisco to Japan and China, or *vice versa*, occasionally touch off port *en route*.

INTER-ISLAND PASSAGE RATES.

Cabin Passage per Steamer, from Honolulu to

Lahaina, Maui.....	\$ 5 00
Kahului, Maui.....	6 00

Maalaea, Maui.....	\$ 6 00
Makena, Maui.....	8 00
Hana, Maui.....	6 00
Mahukona, Hawaii.....	10 00
Kawaihae, Hawaii.....	10 00
Kukuihaele, Honokaa, or Paauhau, Hawaii.....	10 00
Laupahoehoe, Hawaii.....	12 50
Hilo, Hawaii.....	12 50
Kailua, Hawaii.....	10 00
Kealahakua, Hawaii.....	10 00
Honuapo, Hawaii.....	12 00
Punaluu, Hawaii.....	12 00
Koloa, Kauai.....	6 00
Nawiliwili, Kauai.....	6 00
Hanalei, Kauai.....	6 00
Kilauea, Kauai.....	6 00
Kapaa, Kauai.....	6 00

The Mikahala, in her Kauai route, takes in Niihau once a month.

Round trip tickets may be obtained at a fair reduction, with privilege of getting off at any port along the route.

CARRIAGE FARE.

Carriage fare from steamer to hotel, each passenger.....	\$ 25
Carriage fare per hour, one passenger.....	1 50
Carriage fare per hour, two passengers.....	2 00
For each additional hour, 50 cents for each passenger; when more than one.....
Specially for the Pali, one passenger each way.....	3 00
“ “ “ two “ “.....	4 00
“ “ “ three “ “.....	5 00
Specially for Kapiolani Park, one passenger each way.....	1 00
“ “ “ two “ “.....	1 50
“ “ “ three “ “.....	2 00

The above rates are for between the hours of 5 A. M. to 11 P. M. All other hours the rates of fare are doubled. No driver is compelled to take a single fare for the Park or Pali, except by special bargain. When two or more offer, the regular rates must be accepted.

Good saddle horses may be had by the hour or day.

HAWAIIAN SUGAR PLANTATIONS.

The reciprocity treaty between the United States and Hawaii, which took effect in 1876, gave a great impetus to the sugar industry, as was expected. The capital which was invested in the business naturally came chiefly from America, and statistics which have been published show that three-fifths of the capital is owned by Americans resident here or in the United States. As the subject is one of great interest, in which tourists will naturally seek for the facts, some statistics, originally prepared for and published in the *Planters' Monthly*, will be read with satisfaction.

The tables here given will be found as complete and accurate as it is possible to make such statements. Four sugar estates incorporated in California—the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company, Hana Sugar Company, Hutchinson Sugar Company, and Hakalau Sugar Company—have capitals out of proportion to the remaining sugar plantations and to the corporate values of this country, and may be rated too high, while a large number of the remaining estates are valued too low. Taken altogether, thirty-three millions may fairly represent the money value of the sugar interests of the country.

Regarding nationality, it ought to be stated that the present owners are classed as their fathers were, whether American, British, German, etc., and this seems to be the only rule which can equitably be adopted. The treaty was made to benefit American

and Hawaiian interests alike; and calling these the same, the joint interest of the two nationalities amounts to more than three-fourths of the whole.

HAWAIIAN SUGAR CORPORATIONS.

CORPORATIONS.	Capital Stock.	Shares.	American	British	German	Native Ha- waiian	Various Na- tionalities.
Haw. Com. & Sugar Co.	\$10,000,000	100,000	\$10,000,000				
Hakalau Plantat'n Co.	1,000,000	10,000	1,000,000				
Hutchinson Plan. Co.	1,000,000	10,000	750,000	\$250,000			
Hilo Sugar Co.	500,000	5,000	350,000	150,000			
Hilea Sugar Co.	300,000	600	178,000	122,000			
Kilauea Sugar Co.	300,000	300		300,000			
Waikapu Planta'n Co.	250,000	2,500	123,100	126,900			
Ookala Sugar Co.	200,000	2,000	42,500	157,500			
Olowalu Sugar Co.	150,000	1,500	72,500	24,100	\$42,000		{ *\$5,000 † 6,400 ‡ 1,000
Reciprocity Sugar Co.	100,000	1,000	32,700	13,000	5,000	\$48,300	
Paia Plantation Co.	750,000	7,500	717,800	20,000	12,200		
Haiku Sugar Co.	500,000	5,000	499,000	1,000			
Kohala Sugar Co.	480,000	960	426,000	48,000	6,000		
Honokaa Sugar Co.	200,000	2,000	20,000	95,000	84,000	1,000	
Pacific Sugar Mill	200,000	2,000	71,100	62,100	66,800		
Hana Plantation Co.	3,000,000	30,000	3,000,000				
Heeia Sugar Co.	150,000	1,500	112,500				† 37,500
Laupahoehoe Sug. Co.	500,000	5,000		500,000			
Waiakea Mill Co.	300,000	3,000		300,000			
Hamakua Mill Co.	240,000	2,400		240,000			
Union Mill Co.	160,000	160		155,000		5,000	
Koloa Sugar Co.	200,000	200	12,000		188,000		
Kukiaia Plantat'n Co.	120,000		120,000				
Kipahulu Sugar Co.	80,000				80,000		
Waimea Sugar Mill Co.	70,000				70,000		
Waimanalo Sugar Co.	180,000	1,800	48,300	7,000	16,200	108,100	* 400
Waianae Sugar Co.	255,000	2,550	71,000	18,800	102,100	63,100	
Princeville Plan. Co.	240,000	2,400	193,600	16,400	30,000		
Wailuku Sugar Co.	265,000	2,650	235,500	29,500			
Haw. Agricultural Co.	436,000	4,360	{ 12,000 370,000 }	54,000			
Makee Sugar Co.	500,000	5,000	500,000				
Honouu Sugar Co.	200,000	2,000	161,100	23,900	15,000		
Waihee Sugar Co.	250,000	2,500	250,000				
Onomea Sugar Co.	500,000	5,000	500,000				
Paukaa Sugar Co.	84,990	8,499	37,510	46,630		850	
Makaweli Sugar Co.	2,000,000	20,000	1,415,000	599,500	15,500		
Ewa Plantation Co.	500,000	5,000	458,600	14,400	25,500	500	† 1,000
Kahuku Plantat'n Co.	500,000	5,000	253,500	150,000	38,500	27,500	*30,500
Totals	\$26,460,990		\$22,033,610	\$3,494,730	\$796,800	\$254,350	\$81,800

NOTE.—* Indicates Chinese owners; † Portuguese; ‡ Chilean.

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PLANTATIONS NOT INCORPORATED.

MILLS, PLANTERS AND PLANTATIONS (Not incorporated).	Value (Estima'd).	American.	British.	German.	Various National- ities.
Pepeekeo Plantation.	\$ 600,000	\$400,000	*\$200,000
Lihue Plantation.....	1,400,000	\$225,000	\$475,000
Pioneer Mill.....	500,000	250,000	250,000
W. Y. Horner.....	150,000	150,000
Grove Farm Plantat'n	250,000	250,000
Hanamaulu Plantat'n	150,000	150,000
Kekaha Sugar Mill....	200,000	66,000	134,000
Meler & Kruse.....	75,000	75,000
H. P. Faye & Co.....	40,000	140,000
Kaluahonu Co.....	10,000	5,000	5,000
J. N. Wright.....	50,000	50,000
R. M. Overend.....	80,000	80,000
Kukaiu Mill.....	170,000	85,000	85,000
Hamakua Plantation.	200,000	200,000
Niuli Mill and Plan..	200,000	200,000
Puehuehu Plant'n Co.	70,000	70,000
Hawi Mill and Plant'n	250,000	250,000
Beecroft Plantation....	60,000	60,000
Kamalo Plantation....	40,000	40,000
Paauhau Plantation....	500,000	250,000	250,000
Huelo Plantation.....	150,000	150,000
Lale Plantation.....	75,000	75,000
Halawa Plantation....	150,000	150,000
J. M. Horner & Sons..	75,000	75,000
T. Broderick.....	80,000	80,000
W. H. Purvis & Co....	75,000	75,000
W. H. Rickard.....	50,000	50,000
Eleele Plantation.....	200,000	100,000	100,000
Waiaina Plantation....	250,000	250,000
A. H. Smith & Co.....	40,000	40,000
Kaneohe Plantation....	150,000	150,000
Totals.....	\$6,205,000	\$2,681,000	\$2,330,000	\$1,089,000	\$240,000

NOTE.—* Indicates Chinese owners; † Norwegian.

The following is a statement of the amount of sugar interests in Hawaii credited to each nationality:

American	\$24,664,610
British	5,824,730
German	1,835,800
Native Hawaiian.....	254,850
Chinese	236,900
Norwegian	40,000
Portuguese.....	38,500
Chilean	6,400
Total	\$32,800,990

THE HAWAIIAN TRADE.

"The merchandise trade between San Francisco and the Hawaiian Islands—exports and imports—during the first five months of 1892 was as follows:

MONTHS.	Exports.	Imports.
January.....	\$472,508	\$1,197,041
February.....	284,412	1,355,888
March.....	330,767	3,784,312
April.....	326,513	1,227,373
May.....	415,824	496,897
Totals.....	\$1,830,024	\$8,061,511
1890.....	1,877,501	5,918,819
1889.....	1,353,668	8,011,469
1888.....	1,193,174	6,115,491

"As compared with the corresponding period in 1890 the exports of 1892 fell off \$47,477, and the import value increased \$2,142,692. Much of the large increase in imports was due to the forced shipments of sugar to San Francisco in March. In the month of May the import value was unusually small, the arrivals of sugar having been comparatively light, owing to the local market being still overstocked.

"The import values were mostly for sugar, as shown by the following statement for the five months:

YEARS.	Pounds.	Values.
1891.....	178,903,732	\$7,829,023
1890.....	118,940,262	5,619,431
1889.....	156,366,611	7,742,994
1888.....	124,612,450	5,816,630

"Deducting the value of sugar from the total imports in each year leaves for all other imports the following amounts: 1891, \$232,488; 1890, \$299,388; 1889, \$268,475; 1888, \$298,861.

"The tonnage employed in the trade between San Francisco and the Hawaiian Islands during the first five months of 1892 was as follows:

SAILED.	—Arrived—		—Departed—	
	No.	Tons.	No.	Tons.
January.....	15	7,120	14	6,827
February.....	16	7,551	11	4,182
March.....	34	17,725	9	4,144
April.....	11	6,139	9	4,316
May.....	10	4,038	10	4,684
Totals.....	86	42,573	53	24,153
Steamers.....	10	18,354	11	20,226
Aggregate.....	96	60,927	64	44,379
1890.....	68	42,117	58	34,363
Increase.....	28	18,810	6	10,011

"The combined movement (sail and steam) shows a total of 160 vessels for the first five months of the year, having an aggregate tonnage of 105,306 tons; as against 126 vessels, of 76,485 tons, for the same time in 1890.

"The value of the exports from the Hawaiian Islands for ten years past (1882-1892) amounted to \$102,475,652.04, while the imports show a valuation of \$53,269,750.22, a total business of \$155,745,402.76. In 1881, ten years back, the Hawaiian flag floated

over only 9,338 tons of shipping; the returns of Collector Cleghorn show that, December 31, 1891, the Hawaiian ensign covered over 13,429 tons, without an addition, in the near future, of nearly 4,000 tons more in newly built vessels, and which will be added during 1892. The number of steamers in 1881 was but nine; in 1891 the number is twenty-four, and of this latter twenty-two ply in Hawaiian waters. During the past year 224 American vessels, thirty-four British, eleven German, five Japanese and eleven from various countries, representing a total of 296,078 tons, have been entered at the various customs districts in the kingdom. This, aside from the twenty-five vessels representing 28,077 tons tonnage which sailed under Hawaiian colors and register.

“The passenger traffic reported for the year shows that 4,984 people passed in transit, in vessels calling at this port, and that a total of 2,439 travelers and 7,339 immigrants, a grand total of 9,972 souls, arrived. Of this latter number 4,965 remain, added to the population.

“The report of Collector Cleghorn, Collector General of Customs of the Hawaiian Kingdom, shows that the United States received \$5,294,287.57 of our trade, or 71.16 per cent. of our entire business abroad. This should show that we are not ungrateful for past kindnesses, and that we do a little purchasing in the course of a year. The total value of the imports for the year amounted to \$7,439,482.65. Next to the United States comes, in the following order, the na-

tions patronized during 1891, viz: Great Britain, Germany, China, Japan, Australia, British Columbia and France."

TEMPERATURE.

AVERAGE FOR EACH WEEK OF 1890 AT HONOLULU.

Elevation, 54 feet above sea level.
Latitude, 21° 18'; longitude, 157° 50'.

Week Ending.	6 A. M.	1 P. M.	9 P. M.	Week Ending	6 A. M.	1 P. M.	9 P. M.
Jan. 7.....	67	76	70	July 8.....	70	82	75
" 14.....	68	79	72	" 15.....	74	83	76
" 21.....	65	77	67	" 22.....	73	82	75
" 28.....	67	75	69	" 29.....	74	84	76
Feb. 4.....	68	72	69	Aug. 5.....	72	84	75
" 11.....	69	74	68	" 12.....	72	83	77
" 18.....	69	75	67	" 19.....	75	82	74
" 25.....	67	74	70	" 26.....	73	84	76
Mar. 4.....	66	76	69	Sept. 2.....	72	83	75
" 11.....	68	76	70	" 9.....	71	81	75
" 18.....	69	74	69	" 16.....	74	83	76
" 25.....	67	73	67	" 23.....	75	83	74
April 1.....	67	78	71	" 30.....	75	83	76
" 8.....	68	77	71	Oct. 7.....	75	81	76
" 15.....	69	75	73	" 14.....	74	79	75
" 22.....	70	81	73	" 21.....	72	80	74
" 29.....	68	79	75	" 28.....	69	79	72
May 6.....	69	78	70	Nov. 4.....	71	80	72
" 13.....	67	79	70	" 11.....	73	79	74
" 20.....	69	82	73	" 18.....	70	77	72
" 27.....	72	82	72	" 25.....	66	75	69
June 3.....	73	78	74	Dec. 2.....	69	78	72
" 10.....	72	82	74	" 9.....	69	77	71
" 17.....	73	79	75	" 16.....	67	75	70
" 24.....	75	82	75	" 23.....	62	75	70
July 1.....	73	82	75	" 31.....	68	74	63

DISTANCES.

ON THE ISLAND OF OAHU.

	MILES.
From Honolulu Postoffice to Kapiolani Park	4
Honolulu Postoffice to Ewa Depot (by railroad).....	12
Honolulu Postoffice to Koko Head.....	10
Honolulu Postoffice to Waianae Plantation	30
Honolulu Postoffice to Waiialua Postoffice.....	28½
Honolulu Postoffice to Nuuanu Pali.....	6
Honolulu Postoffice to Waimanalo Plantation.....	12
Honolulu Postoffice to Kaneohe Court House.....	9½
Honolulu Postoffice to Heeia Plantation.....	12
Honolulu Postoffice to Kualoa Ranch	20
Honolulu Postoffice to Punaluu Rice Plantation	26
Honolulu Postoffice to Laie Mormon Settlement	32
Honolulu Postoffice to Kahuku Plantation	38

ON THE ISLAND OF MAUI.

From Lahaina to Wailuku Postoffice	20
Lahaina to Kaanapali.....	4
Wailuku to Maalaea	10
Makawao Postoffice to summit of Haleakala	13
Wailuku to Ulupalakua	20
Wailuku to Makawao.....	14
Kahului to Wailuku Postoffice.....	3
Kahului to Makawao	11
Ulupalakua to Hana, via Kaupo	45
Kahului to Hana (Hamakua route).....	45

ON THE ISLAND OF HAWAII.

From Kawaihae to Waimea Court House	11
Kawaihae to Kohala Plantation	17
Waimea Court House to Kohala Plantation	23
Waimea Court House to Waipio Valley	10
Waimea Court House to Laupahoehoe.....	30
Waimea Court House to Hilo, via Laupahoehoe.....	60
Waimea Court House to Summit of Mauna Kea, via Kalaieha	40
Hilo to Afong's Plantation	10
Hilo to Crater of Kilauea.....	30
Hilo to Waiohinu (Kau)	65

From Crater of Kilauea to Summit Crater of Mauna Loa.....	35
Waiohinu (Kau) to Kealahakua	48
Kealahakua Bay to Kailua	13
Kealahakua Bay to Summit of Mt. Hualalai	25
Kailua to Kawaihae.....	30
Waiohinu (Kau) to Kapapala	24
Waiohinu (Kau) to Summit Crater, via Kapapala	61
Hilo to Summit Crater, via Kilauea	65

ON THE ISLAND OF KAUAI.

From Lihue to Koloa	10
Koloa to Eleele	7
Koloa to Waimea	15
Waimea to Mana Point	10
Lihue to Wailua Falls.....	5
Lihue to Kealia Plantation	14
Lihue to Kilauea Plantation	22
Lihue to Hanalei	30

INTER-ISLAND CHANNELS, ETC.

Width of Kauai and Oahu Channel	66
Width of Oahu and Molokai Channel.....	25
Width of Molokai and Maui.....	10
Width of Maui and Lanai	9
Width of Maui and Hawaii	28
From Honolulu to Lihue Anchorage, Kauai.....	93
Honolulu to Lahaina Anchorage	72
Honolulu to Kawaihae Anchorage.....	140
Honolulu to Kealahakua Anchorage	170
Honolulu to Hilo Bay, via Mahukona.....	220
Honolulu to Hilo Bay, direct line	200

OCEAN DISTANCES.

From Honolulu to San Francisco	2,100
Honolulu to Tutuila, Samoa	2,290
Honolulu to Levuka, Fiji.....	2,708
Honolulu to Auckland, direct	3,814
Honolulu to Otago, via Auckland.....	4,414
Honolulu to Sydney, direct.....	4,480
Honolulu to Hongkong, direct.....	4,898
Honolulu to Yokohama, direct.....	3,440
Honolulu to Tabiti, direct	2,380

From Honolulu to Panama, direct.....	4,620
Honolulu to Acapulco, direct	3,280
Honolulu to Callao, direct	5,240
Honolulu to Valparaiso, direct	5,725
Honolulu to Victoria, Vancouver's Island.....	2,360
Levuka to Auckland	1,167
Levuka to Sydney	1,750
Levuka to San Francisco (via Honolulu).....	4,808
Tutuila to Auckland	1,577
Tutuila to Sydney.....	2,410
Tutuila to Levuka	630
Tutuila to Tahiti	1,250
From San Francisco to Auckland (via Honolulu).....	5,914
San Francisco to Sydney, via Honolulu and Levuka	6,580
San Francisco to Sydney, via Honolulu, Fiji and Auckland	7,174
Sydney to Auckland, via Cape Manukau	1,176
Sydney to Melbourne, via Cape Howe	522

SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS.

The Hawaiian nation possesses a complete educational system, administered by a Board of Trustees, and endowed by liberal appropriations from the national revenue, amounting for the biennial period of 1886-88 to \$322,348, and for the succeeding biennial period 1888-90 to \$391,438.

The total number of schools in the Kingdom is 178, and of the scholars 10,006, mostly taught in English. The number of teachers employed in all the schools is 368, of whom 252 are foreigners, and 116 of Hawaiian birth. The public schools are all free, with one exception, while the independent or private schools charge a weekly fee of from fifty cents to one dollar for each pupil. Every district in the Kingdom

is provided with several schools, either free, public, or private, and settlers can secure for their children the educational advantages of other countries.

The Legislature, on the third reading of the Appropriation Bill, affirmed by a vote of thirty-one to seven, the principle that boarding-schools established by religious bodies, or private persons, being for the general good, are entitled to assistance from the State, and passed the following appropriations: Hilo Boarding School, \$1,500; Kohala Seminary, \$1,500; Iolani College, \$1,500; Makawao Seminary, \$1,500; Kauai, Industrial School, \$2,000; Kawaihau Seminary, \$1,500; Christ Church Family Boarding School, South Kona, Hawaii, \$500. This is a very fair distribution of aid. The Legislature of 1890 voted \$20,000 to St. Louis College and its branches in Wailuku and Hilo. This no doubt is the explanation why the Roman Catholic schools do not share in the appropriation of 1892.

The Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Honolulu, has received a communication from the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., in which he is invited to attend the World's Congress and to take part in the deliberations of the National Educational Association. He is also requested to accept a place on the list of Honorary Vice-Presidents. Mr. Mackintosh is principal of the "Royal School."

The Rev. Vincent H. Kitcat, formerly head-master of

"Iolani," and later at Lahaina, Maui, is now chaplain of the Cathedral, Honolulu.

The reverend gentlemen, Messrs. Barnes and Gow-an, are now engaged in Church work in British Columbia.

Eldress Phoebe, late of "St. Andrew's Priory," is gone to her rest. Never can I forget the kindness, the unstinted hospitality, the true Christian charity of this remarkable Englishwoman. During a severe illness these dear "Sisters," together with Mrs. Mackintosh and Mrs. Willis, watched over and tended me in turn, and when convalescent their homes were also mine. If you know anything of the sweetness of a true English home, you know what I enjoyed.

The whole community received a shock when the *Kinau* arrived before its usual time on Tuesday evening last, and brought the sad news of the death of Miss Stevens, elder daughter of the United States Minister. The deceased lady had been on a visit to the Volcano, leaving Honolulu on the U. S. S. *Boston*, but remaining behind to see some friends on Hawaii. On attempting to board the *Kinau* at the dangerous landing of Kukaiau, the boat was dashed to pieces. Miss Stevens was either drowned or died from the shock to her nervous system. The native boat-steerer made heroic efforts to save her, and was himself severely injured.

Miss Stevens was a universal favorite in Honolulu

society, always helping in the most gracious manner to dispense the bountiful hospitality of her parents. She was a constant worshiper at St. Andrew's Cathedral, and was ever ready to assist in any good work. The deepest sympathy of the Church will go out to the bereaved family for the loss of so aimable and accomplished a member.—*Anglican Church Chronicle*.

“I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors.” (*The Revelation of St. John the Divine.*)

IOLANI SCHOOL.

RT. REV. ALFRED WILLIS, . . PRINCIPAL.

MR. JOHN BUSH, . . MASTER.

This School is under the personal supervision of the Bishop.

The positions which many of the old boys now occupy testify to the soundness of the training which this school has been giving for nearly eighteen years.

The School is healthily situated in the Nuuanu Valley, a mile from the city, and has over two acres of playground.

All that can conduce to the health of growing boys and keep them in vigor of mind and body is carefully attended to.

TERMS FOR BOARDERS :

Boys over ten \$150.00 a year

Boys under ten 125.00 a year



T. ANDREW'S PRIORY, HONOLULU.

... ADJOINING THE CATHEDRAL ...

A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

MISS BERRY'S

.. Select Primary School ..

EMMA STREET, HONOLULU.

Careful instruction and training in deportment. Refers to many well-known residents of Honolulu who have had children in the School.

Family Boarding School for Hawaiian Girls,

SOUTH KONA, HAWAII.

Conducted by Rev. S. H. Davis and Mrs. Davis.

A large and well-ventilated dormitory has been added to this School and we are now prepared to receive applications for admission of at least twelve more girls as boarders.

The climate of Kona is well known to be the best in the Islands for affections of the lungs. Mrs. Davis, who is an experienced nurse, would give especial care to children having a tendency to these complaints.

The grounds about the School are large and well kept, giving facilities for healthful recreation.

The School provides a pleasant home, in which girls receive a sound English education, with thorough training in household duties—careful attention being paid to their health and formation of character.

Terms—Board and tuition; \$100 per annum; washing (unless otherwise provided for), \$25; music, \$20;—all quarterly in advance. Children under ten years of age are admitted at \$50 per annum, as they are entitled to a grant from the Board of Education.

Applications to be made to Rev. S. H. DAVIS, Christ Church Parsonage, Kealahakua, South Kona, Hawaii.

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S. H. DAVIS, Kealahakua, South Kona, Hawaii.

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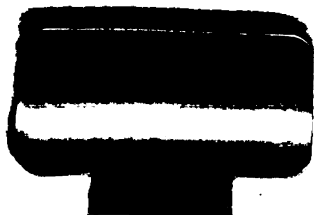
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